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Original Poetry.

THE MINIATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. E. D.

Bend closer to my couch, beloved,
My life ebbs fast away;
Vain, vain has been thy earnest prayer,
I may not with thee stay.
The tide of life runs slow and chill—
My breath is faint and weak—
Once more, once more, before I die,
I would, love, with thee speak.

My eye is lustreless and dim—
My cheek is cold and pale—
But oh, the love that burns within
For thee, love, cannot fail.
I know the angels wait for me,
I hear their blissful call,—
Yet, yet I fear this earthly love
Will triumph over all.

I know thou'lt keep my memory
A sacred thing apart,
I know thou'lt treasure all my love
Deep, deep within thy heart;
The love which thou hast pledged to me,
In death will still be mine—
I know thy spirit still will bow
Before its early shrine.

Yet, ere I leave thee here alone,
I fain would have thee take
This likeness of my earthly form,
And wear it for my sake.
And, dearest, in thy silent hours,
When thou art sad and lone,
Wilt thou not sometimes gaze upon
That face, when I am gone?

And should my form grow dim, beloved,
Before thy spirit's gaze,—
Should the cold world e'er cast a shade
Across our loving days;
This portrait then will come to thee
To summon memories back,
And cast a gleam of spirit-light
Along the shaded track.

I may not speak to thee again,
I feel my life-blood fail—
But all is bright and beautiful
Beyond the shadowy veil!
I know that in the angels' home
My place henceforth will be,
But yet my spirit clings to thine—
How can I part from thee!

The flowers of Spring will brightly bloom
Above my place of rest;
The grass will soon its verdure spread
Above my silent breast.
But when my form has turned to dust,
When years have rolled away,—
This portrait will bring back to thee
The memory of to-day.

I would not have thee mourn for me
As for a treasure gone,—
My soul shall hover round thy path,
To guard thee for its own.
My sight grows dim—I see thee not—
Thy face I fain would see!
The bitterest cup that death can give,
Is parting, love, with thee!

Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1849.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Breaking up an old home, the home of many years—I had nearly said centuries, is not like a modern city May day flitting. A home like old Heath Hall, with its accumulations, its secretions of many years and many hearts, with its innumerable old closets, cupboards, wardrobes, escrutoirs, and "old oak chests," with their inexhaustible treasures, relics, and curiosities—from the doublet and hose that the founder of the American branch of the family wore—with his point and ruffles and bonnet and plume—to the cocked hat and rusty sword of great great grandfather, and the hooped petticoat and high heeled shoes of his wife—from the first baby cap that the first American Churchill baby wore, to the lock of gray hair that was cut from his coffined head just before the lid was screwed down—from the veil that fell around the maiden at her bridal to the cap the grandmother died in—from the bullet extracted from the fiery hearted son who had perished in battle, to the clerical black silk gown his gentle bosomed brother had worn in his ministry when he married, christened or blessed. Truly the organ of veneration must be largely developed in these old Maryland and Virginia families—all things linked with family associations are relics it would be little short of sacrilege to destroy. The cast off bridal wreath and veil that a northern or a city belle would generously and properly bestow upon some young sister or cousin, is gently lifted from her daughter's brow by a Maryland mother—reverentially lifted as you have seen a minister raise the cloth from a communion table, and laid away a sacred treasure, a relic to be handled with awe and love by the children in future ages. The wardrobe of the dead that many northern and city families send to the proper destination, the backs of the ragged living, in Maryland and Virginia is carefully collected and packed away in chests and locked, and hermetically sealed as it were, to moulder away to dust in long years. These old houses—how the very smell of their musty mysterious old closets and closely shaded rooms, for dreaming, carries us back to the days when people did not understand that ventilation was necessary to health, to the days when we lay across grandmother's soft lap, watching through our winking eyes grandmother's dear good face, and, vibrating between angel dream land and her capped and spectacled face, dimly wondered what we were, and slipped from this vague feeling into sleep. These old houses have no antiquities carrying us back to the very ancient feudal times it is true, but they have that which comes more warmly, *so* warmly! home to the heart, all the signs of *long inhabitedness*. The old windows may creak in the wintry blast, and the wind whistle up from crevices at the very foot of the old mantle-pieces beside the blazing hickory fire, yet the heart is all the warmer for its old age, because grandfather and grandmother lived *there* and *their* grandparents before them. These old houses scattered at wide intervals up and down the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, and under the Easterly shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountain, and in and out among the hills and through the forests between them—these old houses, spotting the verdure of new settlements like iron-mould—these old houses, many of them still inhabited by the old families while both decay together, still blossoming out occasionally with young life, young children, remind me strongly of old mouldering tombs from which fresh blooming flowers are springing.

"Let's leave all things just *so*, Hagar, love," said Sophie, as the two were making a tour of the old Hall, opening and examining old closets and chests with a view of determining what should be taken, what left, what burnt and what given away. "We will lock up all the rest without examination. I have not nerves for it, Hagar. It is like dissecting a heart, to explore the treasures and memorials and relics of the long ago dead. Let us leave them so."

"Let's make a general bonfire of them," said Hagar, "I never like these relics, they come across me unpleasantly, very—why should people accumulate them—storing up pangs against some day of pangs. 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' *en avant* is my motto."

Sophie looked at her with her brown eyes dilating in reverie.

"Perhaps you are right after all—these relics awaken mournful, not to say maudlin feelings that might sleep but for their sight, nevertheless, *I* could not destroy these things, neither can I consent to their destruction."

It was finally agreed in consultation that all things should remain just as they were, that the Hall should be closed and left in charge of old Cumbo and Tarquinius.

"Where are you going, Hagar?" said Raymond, as she sauntered from the breakfast-room off into the yard.

"To see Starlight. I have not seen him since our marriage, and I was accustomed to go to his stall every morning, when Tarquinius carried his oats."

"Why did you not ask me to attend you?" inquired Raymond, as he drew her hand under his arm.

"Because, Mr. Raymond," flashed Hagar's eyes and teeth, "I love to shake you *off* some time! when you set like a trammel—besides you do not like Starlight."

Raymond replied by drawing her arm closer and holding her hand tighter, while her pointers Remus and Romulus seeing her sprang to her, bounded around her, and she stopped to caress them with her free hand. Raymond an instant looked annoyed, then raising the loaded end of his riding-whip, struck them away. Hagar snatched her hand from his arm, and all the fire of her race and nation was burning in the indignant gaze she flashed upon his brow, that still remained unfurrowed by a frown in its superb calmness.

"Well, Hagar, I am not scathed, blasted, by that lightning stroke, am I? Nonsense, Hagar, do you suppose I am going to permit a hand I love to kiss to be licked over by those two curs?—pooh! go wash it."

"They are *not* curs, they are fine splendid pointers! Look at their shining black coats and eyes like coals! and their *love* has more generous disinterestedness than—" And here she paused, her expiring flash of spirit died out beneath the steady inquiring gaze of the soft, deep blue eyes, striking up through which came a will, a purpose, the strength of which was dimly guessed from the depths from which it seemed to come.

"Than *what*, Hagar?"

"Nothing!" said Hagar, as her high heart throbbing subsided. He drew her arm again within his own, and they proceeded to the stables. At the sight of his mistress, Starlight neighed loud for joy and breaking away cantered up to meet her, pawed the ground, stretched out his head and couched it in the open palms she held to receive it. Hagar smiled in his eyes full of the earnestness he could not speak, and stroking his jet black neck, let him lay his chin upon her shoulders alternately, and rub his mouth upon her neck and cheek, snorting with joy between times.

"See, Raymond! see," she said, with her momentary anger all conjured away. "See how the very *want* of the gift of speech makes his eyes and motions so eloquent! See how glad he is to see me! don't I understand you, Starlight? and don't you know every word I am saying?" said she, caressing him.

But now her eyes fell upon Raymond, who was standing with folded arms, curling lip and scornful eyes regarding her.

"Why do you look at me in that way, Raymond?"

"You have no refinement, no delicacy. Your dress pawed over and soiled by your canine pets—your ringlets snuffed at, and your neck rubbed by the nose of your pony. I am glad that in a few days I shall be able to remove you from all these things."

"But I wish to take Starlight and Remus and Romulus with me," said Hagar, as she turned away from the stable, and they sauntered on.

"You cannot do so."

"Why?" she asked, anxiously.

"I do not like dogs and horses myself, and I very much dislike your attachment to them, and I utterly disapprove of your use of them, when you cannot walk there are carriages to be had!"

"You never told me that you disapproved of my habits before!"

"I had no right to *express* it before, and yet you learned it from my silence, and now I say it explicitly and expect that my tastes be consulted in the matter."

"And you have no right to express it *now*! sir," exclaimed the mad girl, with the fire flaming in her eyes. "No right to express it *now*! *what* right have you *now*, more than you ever had over me? None that I acknowledge! None that I will bear to have you assume! None, Raymond! *none*! All love! all compliance that I yield you now I would have yielded you before! and you know it! you know it! of my own free will! of my own glorious free will!—not from constraint! God in Heaven! you exasperate—you madden me—by attempts at constraint! Raymond! what do you mean by this? I do not like it. No! I will turn away, I will not look at your cold spirit-killing eyes. I will not let your cold, damping, implacable will extinguish my life and soul as the rain puts out the fire. *I* have a will! and tastes, and habits, and propensities! and loves and hates! yes, and conscience! that all go to make up the sum total of a separate individuality! a distinct life! for which *I alone* am accountable, and *only* to God! How weak and worthless would my obedience to God be if it were fettered through a submission to *any* lower will. No, I will *not* bear to have you assume any right over my freedom of action, and I shall take my favorites with me to the North."

A sarcastic smile fluttered around the beautiful lips and gleamed under the golden eye-lashes of Raymond Withers as he slightly raised his hat from his head with a mock bow, and sauntered away from her side, quoting for her benefit the very last clause of Genesis iii and 16. It only needed his sarcasm to exasperate the girl to phrensy. She snapped and ground her teeth together, and stamped with both little feet, springing to the ground as though they would take root there—while anger rocked and flamed to and fro in her bosom like a sea of fire lashing its shores. Suddenly veiling her flashing eyes and setting her gleaming teeth with a look of resolution, she went to the stables and calling Tarquinius, bade him saddle Starlight.

"We will have another day together, my old friends," said she, as the horse neighed joyously, and the dogs bounded around her each in intelligent anticipation; and in ten minutes from this Hagar was flying over the heath towards the forest attended by her favorites.

The sun was setting in golden glory as Hagar rode into the yard at Heath Hall, sprang from her horse and throwing the reins to Tarquinius walked leisurely towards the house, smiled and bowed salutation to the company assembled to enjoy the evening air in the piazza and passed on into the Hall—Sophie followed her, and with the tears welling up to her eyes exclaimed,

"Oh! Hagar, what have you done?"

Hagar threw up her little glittering head of ringlets and replied with laughing defiance,

"I have been taking one of my old days among the hills! I wished to feel my freedom a little, that is all! I have been galled by the too close pressure of my chains lately, and have broken through them for once, that's all."

"How will you meet Raymond after this escapade?" said she, sadly.

"Nonsense, Sophie, how will he meet *me*?" and she ran up stairs.

"Be quick, dear, trying Hagar, tea is nearly ready," said Sophie, gazing earnestly after her—then with a second thought, inspired by this second and closer glance, Sophie went up stairs to her room, found her standing leaning her elbow on her dressing table, while her forehead rested upon the palm of her hand, and her long glittering ringlets fell half way to her girdle—her little figure was visibly throbbing with emotion. Sophie went and took the hand that was hanging down, it was burning, hot and dry.

"Hagar!"

"Well?"

"You are wretched, poor child, and indeed I do not wonder. Hagar, will you take my advice?"

"What is it?"

"*Tell* your husband when you meet him that you are so—*you* have sinned, Hagar, and *you* must atone for your sin; lay your small hand gently on his arm and look into his face, catch his eyes and ask him to forgive you."

"What!" snapped the proud girl, bounding like a little bomb shell, "hold out my wrists humbly for the gyves and ask my master please to fasten them on again! No! may I die if I do!"

"Oh! don't look at it in that light, Hagar; you have wronged, outraged, insulted Raymond."

"Did he tell *you* so?" sneered Hagar.

"Can I not see it, Hagar. No, he did not tell me so—do you not know enough of Raymond's proud and fastidious nature to see that he *could* not tell me so, Hagar? No, poor misguided child, your day's absence was enough. Come, Hagar, seek a reconciliation with him—you *have* been wrong—say so to him at once. You will have not a moment's peace until you are reconciled to your husband—seek that reconciliation at any price of your own sinful pride."

"I will not! cannot!"

"But, Hagar, you *do* regret this, you suffer torture."

"I can *bear* torture! but not humiliation! degradation!"

"Alas! look at you, the very flame of mental fever flickering through your cheeks and eyes—the freshness of your lips scorched by the dry heat of your breath. What a day you have had to-day, Hagar! how much your defiance has cost you! Come, come, bathe your eyes, after tea I will if I can talk with you again. You will be wise."

The supper bell rang, and Sophie with a hasty charge to Hagar to make her toilet, quickly arose and left the room. And Hagar sprang to her feet with a determination to look very regal, happy, and defiant. She bathed her burning eyes and brow, but without cooling their fever. She smoothed her long glittering ringlets, and collected them under a jewelled comb. She changed her black riding-dress for a crimson satin, with full and falling sleeves, fastened a ruby bracelet on her slender but rounded arm, and descended the stairs, trying to draw her heart up blithe and high; she entered the drawing-room with head erect, expanded brow, and elastic step, and was passing on proudly alone, behind the company, who were going to the supper room, when quickly and softly at her side was Raymond, his graceful head, with its wavy golden hair, bending forward, smiling up into her face; his soft eyes radiant under their golden lashes, and his delicate hand seeking hers, to draw it through his arm, just as if nothing had happened. Her own Raymond!—her pride was disarmed in a moment. Sun-bright was the smile of surprise, joy, love and gratitude she flashed up in his gentle face, and suddenly it softened into tenderness; how could she have defied a gentle soul like his?—in truth she would have given everything she possessed on earth, except Remus, Romulus, and Starlight, to have blotted out forever the offence of the day. She had not expected this; she had prepared herself to defy the storm, not the sunshine, and her defences were all melted off. She was subdued, and quietly and generously resolved in her own mind, not to shock and wound his fastidious delicacy again, and so they sat down to supper. The neighborhood gossip of a tea-table occupied the company. But Hagar continued to watch Raymond with a new feeling, new interest; it seemed his character was now constantly unfolding itself to her; new leaf after leaf was turned; she watched him covertly but closely. His manner was just precisely as usual, and though she often caught his full eyes, not the slightest consciousness of remembering that anything unpleasant had occurred was to be detected in their glance. His countenance and manner wore their usual air of graceful self-possession and elegant repose, and she would have thought that indeed the occurrence of the day had dropped from his memory, but that once, quickly, under his breath he had said, "Your restlessness of manner, your anxiety of expression, will draw attention—be at ease."

"Be at ease," these words, though spoken in the softest key, and with the sweetest smile, somehow did not set her at ease—and "You will draw attention," raised an anxiety that she had not felt before. Was it the dislike of drawing attention?—but she would wait. Oh! how she longed for the stupid evening to be over; it is so hard to bear calmly, cheerfully, a tooth-ache or a heart-ache in company. It was long before they left the tea-table, and then it was long before they got ready to go home, and after they were all in their saddles and in their carriages on the road, it was long before Sophie's smiling good-night broke up the family circle for the evening. Sophie left the room with a congratulatory smile to Hagar, happy in the thought that their quarrel was made up. Raymond followed her, smiling, to the door, opened it, bowed her out, closed it, and returned; then with a sudden impulse went back, re-opened it, and passed out.

Hagar awaited his return half an hour and then sought her chamber. She expected him joyously, yet with a little undefinable anxiety. At last she heard his steps ascending the stairs, he opened the door, and came in; she turned quickly, and going to meet him, holding out both hands, exclaimed—

"Dearest Raymond, I am so glad that we are alone, together at last, my heart has been ready to burst all the—" She stopped short, and gazed in surprise at him. How changed his aspect!—was it the same Raymond that an hour ago was smiling, bowing, glancing, gliding through the lighted drawing-rooms? He stood with folded arms and curling lip; his cold eye crawling over her from head to foot, yet so fascinating in his beautiful scorn, that she could have uttered a death-cry of anguish, as love and pride tugged at her heart-strings. He passed her and threw himself upon a lounge. She had been prepared for this scorn and anger three hours before, but she was not now—not after having been subdued by soft smiles, sweet words, and gentle tones, that she had received in all trust—no, not now—the touch of the soft fingers that had sought and pressed her hand in drawing it through his arm; the touch of those soft fingers was yet quivering on *her* fingers; the rays of those gentle eyes were yet beaming in *her* eyes; tones of that low, love-pitched voice yet breathing in her ear—no! she could not believe in this harshness, at *least* she could not bear it. He was now sitting on the lounge, making entries in a note-book, with his usual air of elegant ease. She looked at him an instant, and then going up to him she stood before him; he continued his writing, without looking up; the flame flickered in and out upon her dark cheek; soon she dropped both hands upon his shoulders, and dropped her proud head until the long glittering ringlets fell each side of his cheeks, and sitting down beside him and dropping her face upon his bosom she whispered softly,

"Raymond, make friends with me! I will do anything in the world you wish me to do—come! I will leave undone all you wish me so to leave, if you will make friends with me again;" and a tearless heart-sob breaking from her lips showed how great had been the pang of her vanquished pride.

He lifted her head from its resting-place, smoothed back the ringlets of her hair, and holding her face between the palms of his hands, gazed smilingly into her eyes, with a look, half of love, half triumph, and said,

"You will? but then your separate soul—will—individuality—what are you to do with it all? Answer me—I want a literal reply, in words—"

"I don't know!—how do I know?—don't seek to humble me, dear Raymond—I am tortured!—tortured!"

"Tortured?"

"Yes!—yes!" exclaimed she, wildly,—"*tortured*!"

"Who tortures you, my piquant little love, my little vial of sal-volatile?" said he, condescendingly, caressing her.

"You do, Raymond!—and myself!—myself tortures me!"

"Why so it seems."

"Yes, Raymond, understand me, and help me to understand myself. I only lately began to know myself. I am a strange blending of pride and aspiration!—and of love, and through love, fear!—the eagle and the dove!—alas, bear with me!—hold my throbbing temples between your cool hands, Raymond—*your* hands are *always* cool—so!—now calmly, I do not know that there is anything to make me wild, or angry, just now—yet these clashing and conflicting elements do so war in my nature—listen, Raymond! when you angered me this morning, and left me, the aroused passion of my soul heaved and set like the sea in a storm, leaping from its bed and lashing the shores! I could not have believed it possible that you *could* have angered me so—or being angered so, that I could have got over it so; and now that is gone, and—never wound my poor dove because my eagle has stuck her beak and claws into you—"

"No, love, the dove shall never be wounded, but *the claws and wings of the eagle shall be clipped*," said he, looking steadily in her anguished eyes. "Don't reply to me yet, Hagar, you are about to say something that will make more trouble between us."

Then with a dry sob and gasp, Hagar's heart shrunk into silence, and he smiled to see it, and all this while he was lightly caressing her—running his fair fingers through her glossy hair, and kissing her lips from time to time. At last she said—

"I have been thinking what to do with my favorites, Starlight and the pointers."

"And has your unassisted wisdom arrived at any conclusion, my love?"

"Yes, I will leave them here, in the care of Tarquinius, for a while, then, perhaps, after a while, when we get settled, you will not object to have them."

"I am sorry, love, that our thoughts did not happen to run in the same channel, very sorry. I made a sale of the horse and dogs to Gardiner Green, this morning, while you were taking your last ride with them, and to-night, after you came home, I sent them over to his farm by Tarquinius."

"NO!" exclaimed Hagar, starting violently. He held her tightly, gently compressing his arm about her waist, and replied, softly,

"Yes, love—nay, do not start and struggle, I cannot spare you, yet—yes, love, they are sold."

"*My horse*!—*mine*!—*my own*!—my dear Starlight!—and my dogs—and without my leave!"

"Come, come!—come, come! be still, Hagar—no phrensy," said he, smilingly, tauntingly caressing her, while a gentle, cruel strength struck out from the pressure of the soft arms that held her in a fast embrace; "if your eagle flaps its wings and beats its cage so violently, I am afraid clipping its pinions and claws will not be enough—I am afraid I shall have to crush it altogether," said he, looking down into her eyes.

She ceased to struggle, and dropped her hands clasped upon her lap—dropped her head upon her chest, while the color all faded from her cheeks, and the light from her eyes.

"Hagar?"

"Well?"

"What is the matter, love?"

"*What you please* shall be the matter!" exclaimed she, laughing bitterly, while light and color suddenly flashed back into her sparkling face.

"Come, love, you are a spirited little thing, but you will be docile by and by, and then—"

"I wish you joy of your automaton!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FORSAKEN HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
Oh, silent house! once filled with mirth,
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.
Hemans.

The family met at breakfast the morning succeeding the events of the last chapter. The family—that is, with the exception of Rosalia, who had been spending a week at Grove Cottage, consoling Emily for the disappointment of losing her company for the winter, by remaining with her as long as possible, and indeed up to the day of the proposed departure. Hagar entered the breakfast room, escorted, as usual, with the gentle and assiduous attention always given her, in public, by her husband. He led her to her place, and seated her with a graceful bow and sweet smile, and then assumed his own chair—smiling the morning salutation to Captain Wilde, who just entered the room. But Sophie looked at Hagar,—looked at her in astonishment. The spirited, springy little figure was almost languid, though she sat erect; the healthy crimson glow of her dark complexion had concentrated in a circumscribed purple spot on her cheek, leaving her contracted brow and quivering lip pallid; her strained glance expressed a mingled anguish and defiance. And then Sophie's glance turned off from Hagar to Raymond; but his fine brow was perfectly smooth, his eyes smiling and his lips composed as he received the cup of coffee from the waiter held by Tarquinius. Sophie was so disturbed, upon the whole, that she could not eat her breakfast. This was the last day of their stay at Heath Hall. The packet that was to convey them to Baltimore was moored under the shadow of the promontory. Immediately after breakfast, both gentlemen left the house to superintend the removal of their baggage. Hagar arose from the table and went into the large old drawing-room, Sophie's whilom school-room. Sophie, leaving her table in charge of the servants, followed her. She was walking uneasily about the floor, and seeing Sophie enter, she paused before the window. Sophie stole gently to her side, and passing her soft arms over the girl's shoulder, stooped forward and looked seriously and lovingly into her anguished face, as she murmured in her low, sweet voice,

"I must not ask you *now*, Hagar, my former question of 'What is the matter between you and Raymond?' but let me comfort you in some way. Oh, it is dreadful, indeed, my love, that you, a wife of scarcely two months—but I will say nothing of that—only I see," said she, dropping her voice very low, "it is your *pride*, Hagar—don't start, love, or repulse me, for you know we shall be separated very soon—it is your *pride*, love, that rebels against a rule every way gentle, just and reasonable. Subdue it, Hagar. Your husband has been educated among the refinements of cultivated city society. He himself, perhaps, among the most fastidious of that class. His taste is offended, his delicacy shocked by your wildness."

"He knew all this before. Why did he mar—"

"Hush! hush! Hagar! Never think such thoughts—ask such questions. He loves you, Hagar—has loved you long with a constancy I have never seen equalled but in one instance. He loved you—let me speak plainly, Hagar, for your sake and his—he loved you when you were a very unlovely child—at least to every one but me.—Well, he loved you, and sought and gained your love. You gave yourself away to him, and now he very naturally expects you to conform your manners to his tastes. Hagar, if liberty were dearer to you than love, you should never have given yourself to a husband. But that is not so—you know it—it is only your struggle, now—and, Hagar, this struggle, this resistance of your pride, *must cease*. Listen! Oh, Hagar!" said she, with unaccustomed energy, "listen to me—to me. I love you, and have no possible interest except your own welfare, in what I say to you. Your pride must be subdued—it must!—*must*! If you do not subdue it *yourself*, *he* will, with cruel pain to you. Raymond's demands are all reasonable; such requirements are usual—in your case any man would make them—but in one thing Raymond differs from most men that I know—in the possession of an indomitable will. In my long acquaintance with him, when my faculties were mature, and yours in the green bud, I have had an opportunity of seeing and knowing this. I am afraid you have mistaken him—with all his fair complexion and golden hair—in that beautiful form lives calmly an immensity of force, an eternity of purpose, almost omnipotent in its repose, and that it would be vain to look for in more impetuous, seemingly stronger natures; a power that is calmly, silently surrounding you. You feel it—do not struggle against it—you cannot overcome it, cannot escape from it, and it will never be withdrawn—it will close around you.—Yield gracefully to it! To your submission it will be a loving embrace—to your proud resistance it will be a galling chain; cease the struggle, Hagar, and be still."

"Never! never! never!" exclaimed the proud girl, while her brow flushed to crimson as by the smite of shame.

"But you have a traitor in your bosom that continually betrays you—or rather, I should say, your husband holds your heart-strings in his hand. You love him—yes, Hagar, *him* only, of all the world! You do not love me, or anybody else. From infancy the stream of your affections has run in one deep and narrow channel. Let that be checked, and the waves, turned to flame, will roll back upon your heart consuming it. Why, see, Hagar, see! when your wills clash, your pride is in arms—you oppose him, defy him, and he meets such defiance with a calm, quiet strength, not yielding an inch, and you suffer, as you are suffering now. Why suffer, Hagar? Tame that wild heart of yours. Hagar, the great secret of the power he possesses over you is this: he is calm, while you are impetuous—he can control *himself*, and thereby *you*—he can stifle, as you can not, that 'mighty hunger of the heart,' that craves a return of love—he can look, coldly, sternly on you for days, weeks, while his very soul wails for your love. You cannot do this yourself, or bear it from him long; in a word, dear Hagar, you have neither might nor right on your side."

During all this speech Hagar had been standing with her face to the window—with her eyes burning and burning through the glass, and Sophie had been standing by her side with her arm around her waist caressingly.

"Come, Hagar!" she whispered low, "let me confide to you some of my own feelings," and while she spoke she slightly smiled, her voice slightly quivered as with bashfulness or happiness, and the rose clouds rolled up over her cheeks, and even flushed her brow—"I love my husband so much, so much, so much, with a fullness of tenderness that it seems to me could not be expressed, except by suffering something—sacrificing something for his sake. I am sure sometimes I wish he would ask me to do something naturally repugnant to my feelings, that I might have one opportunity of showing him how much I do love—to give up my very dearest wish for his pleasure would give me exquisite joy—a joy that I crave. I do not comprehend this, dear, but so it is."

"Oh, *I* comprehend it, Sophie, perfectly; it is the very same principle that led the saints ages ago to scourge and starve themselves to testify their love to God—God forgive them the blasphemy! You, Sophie, have a propensity to worship, and a very decided vocation for martyrdom, which, unfortunately, under existing circumstances, *I have not*!" sneered the scornful girl.

Sophie's brow was crimson now, and the tears swam in her eyes an instant, and she remained silent. At last she said,

"Hagar, I must go away now; I have some arrangements to make for old Cumbo before we go. But before I leave you, Hagar, let me say again, you love your husband, and he loves you; he can stifle his affection, you cannot yours; his will is strong and fixed, yours impulsive and erratic—Your tastes and habits are in some respects opposed, and he requires you to conform yours to his; and, Hagar, you will have to yield—to love now, or to force, without love, hereafter. Yield now, dear, yield. There is no degradation in making a sacrifice to love."

The high-spirited girl turned flashing around upon her—pride and scorn seemed sparkling, scintillating from face and figure, by glance and gesture.

"Yes, there is degradation in sacrificing *freedom* to love—freedom to *any thing* but God's law!"

Sophie paused, as if in doubt whether to go on, or to return and speak again. Finally she went out.

Rosalia returned that evening, accompanied by Gusty and the Buncombes. The family expected to leave Heath Hall the next morning, after an early breakfast. The Buncombes were to remain all night to see them off, and to shut up the house after their departure. Rosalia happened soon to perceive the cloud upon Hagar's brow, and watching her attentively, saw that there was something wrong between her and Raymond, and the simple girl remarking that *her* brow was angry and *his* serene, assumed immediately that he was the injured party, and so, through her benevolence, it happened quite naturally that her voice and smile softened into more than kindliness, into sisterly affection as she frequently addressed him. What a contrast to Hagar's dark brow, curled lip and bitter tones. It was morning and midnight, sunshine and storm, discord and harmony, fierceness and gentleness, scorn and reverence, hate and love—I had nearly said Heaven and Hell contrasted.

That evening! To Hagar it was an evening to remember, to date from. While she sat there watching the innocent, the childlike maiden, with her gentle beauty and winning grace, smiling so sweetly, kindly, in Raymond's face, lighting his countenance up with *real* and not conventional smiles, her mind flew back to the past, and all her childhood came before her; she recalled the day of Rosalia's arrival at the Hall, and recollected how, from that day, she had drawn away all the love of the household from herself; she remembered that lately Augustus May had well nigh adored her, until the beauty and tenderness of Rosalia stole his heart away—and now! now! now!—oh, "*that* way madness lay"—she watched them covertly through her tortured eyes, and with a gnawing pain at the heart—distinct as any physical pain, sharp as though a scorpion living there stung it to agony. Thus the seeds of evil, sown in her heart ten years before, were springing up into a thorn tree, that, lacerating her own bosom, should wound all near her. And Rosalia, too, with all her sweet, endearing qualities, she was vain, and often selfish. It was difficult to perceive this in the dear girl whose caressing hands and tender eyes seemed always pleading for your love.

The next morning early the family assembled at the breakfast table for the last time at Heath Hall. And that last breakfast was over, and they arose and went down to the beach under the promontory, where the packet lay already laden with their personal effects. They reached the water's edge, took an affectionate leave of Emily and Mr. Buncombe, entered the boat that lay waiting to receive them, and were rowed to the packet. As soon as she had seen them safely embarked, and the vessel on her way, Emily took her husband's arm, saying,

"Come, let us return; we have enough to do to close up every thing at the Hall, for one day."

The packet wended on her way, in time reaching Baltimore, where another vessel, bound for New York, received them.

At the end of a week from leaving Churchill's Point, they arrived safely in New York harbor, where the U. S. store ship Rainbow waited to receive Captain Wilde and his party.

Before entering upon the new scenes and deeper life of our story, let me recall distinctly the facts of history, and daguerreotype a set of pictures upon which the sun shone on Saturday, the 28th of September, 18—. First:

CHURCHILL'S POINT—HEATH HALL.

On Saturday, the 28th of September, the sun shone down on the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, as they washed sleepily up toward the shore; on the lazy and shabby little village of Churchill's Point, with its steep-roofed old houses, with its small interests and dead-alive look; upon the burnished surface of the heath bronzing under the dry heat; upon the changing foliage of the distant forest dropping its leaves—and the sun shone down warm and still upon the dark red crumbling walls, the closed doors and boarded windows of the old Hall, and the tall dark poplar trees that waved like funeral plumes around it. Old Cumbo sat in the kitchen door, with the accustomed red handkerchief tied over her white and woolly hair, while her face, black, hard and seamed with wrinkles, like an Indian walnut, was bent over her work, the tying up of dried herbs—fit guardian of such a desolation. It was a still, deserted scene, filled with low sad music. With low sad music—the waters moaned as they washed the shore—the wind sighed in the distant forest, and rushing over the heath, wailed through the poplar trees that rocked to and fro around the deserted house. Nature seemed to mourn the loss of the joyous worshipper, the exultant young life that had vanished from the scene. Keep this picture in your mind for a while, for years passed and brought no change, but change of seasons to it.

GROVE COTTAGE.

The same morning, the sun shone upon the Grove, refulgent in its still autumn glory, and falling upon the dry leaves and red berries of the rose trees, stole into the quiet parlor of the Cottage, still glittering in its sober, polished-steel like splendor, and smiled a morning smile upon the parson and his calm wife, sitting within. They were seated at opposite sides of a round table. The parson with his manuscript upon a small portable writing desk, busy in correcting his sermons for the next day, while he carried on a desultory chat with his wife. Emily with her work-box before her, embroidering a very minute cap, and sustaining at her leisure her part in the quiet conversation. There they sat with no children to bind them together, yet loving and contented as a pair of partridges. They could not work apart, and the parson had abandoned his well appointed study and handsome writing-table, and Emily had forsaken her elegant work-stand, and he had brought his manuscript, and she had brought her sewing to the small, round table, large enough, though, for the convenience of loving partners. And every day as soon as he arose, the sun looked full through the front window and laughed good morning, and every evening he glanced obliquely through the end window and smiled good night, with a promise to return. Remember this picture also, dear reader; for years passed and brought no change to the Buncombes, except a baby to Emily, a little girl, born when she was thirty-seven, and two gray hairs to the parson, which Emily kissed when she saw them.

THE U. S. STORE SHIP RAINBOW.

The sun arose the same day upon the harbor, shipping and city of New York, upon Brooklyn and its Navy Yard, and upon the storeship Rainbow stationed there, and shining down upon the snowy sails, the well polished deck, the varnished tarpaulin hats and blue jackets of the sailors, the red coats and glittering bayoneted muskets of the marines, upon the flashing epaulets of the officers, at last stole down the gang-way into the captain's cabin, where around an elegantly appointed breakfast, sat our party from Heath Hall, in the following order: Sophie at the head of the table, blushingly doing the honors of the coffee and tea—on her left, sat Hagar with Raymond by her side—on her right sat Rosalia, and next below her Gusty; then came several young officers of the crew, and at the foot of the table Captain Wilde presided over the dish before him. It was a novel sight and scene for our visitors. Hagar's lightning eyes and apprehension had taken in all the wonders of the ship at a glance, and she had no more to learn and nothing to wonder at. Sophie seemed to defer her curiosity and govern her glances, until the absence of her guests and the settlement of herself and effects, gave her full opportunity of satisfying it. But Rosalia seemed as though her eyes would never weary of wandering over the strange new scene. Captain Wilde was in the finest spirits, as well he might be; Raymond serene as usual—but poor Gusty looked cloudy. A disappointment had overshadowed him. Another past-midshipman was appointed to the Rainbow, and he was ordered to sea, and to sail in five weeks, for a voyage of three years. So Gusty was cast down, as well he might be. Rosalia, with her sweet benevolence, was doing all that in her lay to soothe and comfort him. She promised to marry him when he came back; she would have promised anything in the world to have raised his spirits; and she continued to remind him, that at least they had five weeks to spend together yet—a long, long time, she said; and at last Gusty got over the first shock of his disappointment, and became cheerful. Forget this picture as quickly as you please, for it changed and vanished like the shifting combinations of the kaleidescope, and was never re-produced.

Immediately after breakfast Raymond and Hagar took leave of their friends, and entered a steamboat bound up the river.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RIALTO.

"Amongst the hills.
Seest thou not where the villa stands? The moonbeam
Strikes on the granite column, and mountains
Rise sheltering round it." *Lady Flora Hastings.*

The sun was setting on the evening of the third day from their departure from New York, as Mr. and Mrs. Withers stood upon the deck of the steamboat Venture, and watched the approach of a village on the eastern bank of the Hudson. It was a village of considerable importance as to size, and of great beauty of locality. Nearly all the houses were painted white, and nestled in and out among the trees and hills. Many of their windows faced the river, and flashed back the golden fire of the setting sun. While Hagar watched the distant but fast approaching village, Raymond called her attention to a mansion-house on the same side of the river, and which being some quarter of a mile below the village, was now quite opposite to them. Hagar turned and gazed with all a rustic's admiration at the splendid mansion. Let me describe it as she then saw it. It stood half way up a forest covered hill, which formed a back-ground to the oblong square front of white freestone, with its eight upper windows and four lower windows, separated by the handsome marble portico, and blazing in the sun-beams, presented to the view.

"That is an elegant villa!" exclaimed Hagar.

"And it is beautiful on a nearer view," replied her husband.

"I wonder whose it is?"

"It is called 'The Rialto,' and belongs to a gentleman who is now travelling."

"Then it is unoccupied."

"It has been shut up a long time, and left in the care of a porter, who lives at the gate, but—at the time I was last in this neighborhood, which, Hagar, was when I was returning, recalled by you—the house was undergoing some repairs, a cleaning, painting, &c., preparing for the reception of the owner, who was about to be married and bring home his young bride. I suppose by this time the coverings are all removed from the furniture, pictures, &c., that everything is in perfect readiness for the reception of the master."

While he spoke the sun sank below the horizon, and the blaze faded from the long windows of the villa just as the boat shot past. In ten more minutes she had reached the village of W———.

Mr. Withers conducted his wife to the nearest hotel, and leaving her there, returned to attend to his baggage.

Hagar sought a bed-chamber with a view of arranging her dress, and smoothing her hair that had been ruffled by the river breeze.

What were Hagar's feelings now that she was launched alone with her husband, out into a strange new scene? With one who was to be her constant companion for perhaps fifty or sixty years—for Hagar was but eighteen, and Raymond twenty-eight. High spirited but forgiving, her fiery anger had expended itself long since, and her pride was quiet, as nothing new occured to alarm it. But another feeling was alarmed and aroused—her latent and deep-seated jealousy—in a silent but deadly fear of losing value in his estimation by comparison with the beautiful and gentle Rosalia, she had lost something of her proud self-confidence. Besides, severed from the home and friends of her childhood, from all early habits and associations—in a new and untried scene—a stranger and alone with him, she felt her dependence upon him—all this, and the deep, strong and exclusive love she bore him, conspired with *another* circumstance to soften the fierceness of her spirit, and tame the wildness of her manners. Hagar arranged her travelling dress, and smoothed her glossy ringlets, and sat down by the window to watch the coming of Raymond. Could you have seen her then, you would have loved her for the new and strange tenderness shining softly in her eyes, and blushing faintly through her cheeks and lips, as she leaned her face upon her hand, while her elbow rested on the window-sill. At last the quick, light step of Raymond was heard upon the stairs, and he entered saying,

"Come, love! are you ready?"

She arose and tied her bonnet.

"Yes, and impatient to see our little home, dear Raymond—for a sweet *little* home, I suppose it will be, to accord with your salary."

He smiled, and drew her arm in his—led her down stairs, and through the principal entrance to where a carriage stood before the door. A coachman sat upon the box; a footman in livery stood holding the door open; Raymond handed her in, followed her, and took a seat by her side. The footman put up the steps, closed the door, and sprang up behind. The carriage was driven off. It rolled through the village, and leaving its lights behind, entered a broad but dark forest road.

"Where are we going?" inquired Hagar.

"*Home*, my love!"

"I thought that we were to reside in the village?"

"Did you?"

"Why, yes, certainly I did."

He drew her head down upon his bosom, and smoothing back her hair, kissed her forehead and then her lips; he seemed more inclined to caress than to converse, so she asked him no more questions then. He seemed to love her so tenderly and truly now, that she no longer defied him. And she was sinking into a sort of luxurious repose—which, we hope, may last. The carriage had been winding up a wooded hill, where the branches of the tall trees met over head, so that Hagar, looking out, could scarcely see the stars glimmer through the foliage; at last it emerged from the woods and stopped, the steps were let down, the door opened. Raymond sprang out and held his hand to assist Hagar; then conducted her through a wide gate. It was dark, and she could see only trees, with glimpses of sward between them; and off to her left flitting in and out glimpses of a white house, whose size and shape it was impossible to detect. Their path formed a half circle and ascended; presently emerging from it, they stood before a large and elegant mansion, whose appearance corresponded with that of the villa she had so much admired on her way up the river. He led her up the broad marble stairs that led to the front door—opened the door, from which a flood of light poured, letting go her hand, stepped in before her, turned, opened his arms, and said in a voice of deep emotion,

"Come, dear Hagar! Let me welcome you to your long, future home—welcome! welcome! dear wife, to arms and bosom and home."

Hagar threw herself in his embrace, and then he led her through a door opening from the left into a superb drawing-room, furnished in the old, gorgeous style, with a rich Turkey carpet "that stole all noises from the feet," with crimson velvet, gold fringed curtains hanging from the windows, and opposite from the lofty arch that divided the front from the back room; with heavy chairs and sofas, whose crimson coverings harmonized with the curtains; with crystal mirrors reaching from ceiling to floor; with rare paintings from the old masters; with costly and curious lamps, whose light glowing through the stained glass shades upon the crimson appointments of the room, diffused a rich, subdued refulgence through the scene. Raymond led Hagar to one of the deep arm-chairs, and seating her, pulled the bell rope. The door opened, and the footman who had attended them stood a step within the room.

"Request Mrs. Collins to come to us."

The man bowed and withdrew. Soon the door again opened and a small, elderly woman, in a black silk dress and a neat cap, made her appearance.

"My dear Hagar, this is our housekeeper—the excellent Mrs. Collins—she will show you your dressing room; you will find your trunks all there or near at hand, and will have ample time to change your travelling dress before supper, and we have still a long evening before us. To-morrow I will take you over the house," said he, in a low voice, as Mrs. Collins approached them—then, "Be so good as to show Mrs. Withers to her rooms, Mrs. Collins," he said aloud, and the nice, little woman smiled, withdrew, reappeared with a lamp, and conducted our Hagar, silently wondering, through the passage and up the broad staircase to a front room immediately over the drawing-room. It was a large, light, airy room, with two tall front windows curtained with white dimity, between which stood a dressing-table with a tall, swinging mirror. At the opposite end of the room was a mahogany door leading into her bed-chamber, and on each side of the door stood two large, tall mahogany wardrobes; the coverings of the lounge, easy chair, &c., were white, and the walls were covered with paper of a white ground, over which ran a vine of green leaves, with here and there a small, scarlet flower. The carpet on the floor was of the same cheerful pattern; the room had an inexpressibly clean, pure and fragrant character. Placing her keys in the hands of Mrs. Collins, Hagar requested her to unpack and arrange her wardrobe, and then proceeded to make her toilet. And Hagar resolved to look her best, to do honor to the first evening passed with her husband in their own home, arranged her beautiful ringlets in their most becoming fall, arrayed herself in rich amber colored satin, and clasped topaz bracelets on her arms—rubies and topazes were the only jewels Hagar owned—the only ones in fact that her Egypt complexion would bear. Her present dress and ornaments harmonized beautifully with her dark complexion, while her jetty brows, black eyes and eye lashes, and long, black, glittering ringlets relieved the amber hued complexion and dress from sameness. She descended to the drawing-room, at the door of which Raymond received her, led her smiling to the sofa and took a seat beside her, just as the crimson curtains were drawn each side from the centre of the arch, exposing a small, but elegant supper-table, with covers for two. Raymond arose, and offering his arm again with a smile, said—

"You see I have to do all the honors of reception and introduction, dear Hagar," and passing to the other room, placed her at the head of the table, before a glittering tea-service of elegantly chased silver, and of Sevre's porcelain. "I see that you are wondering, Hagar, to find me in possession of a comfortable home; suspend your curiosity, dearest, until after supper, when I will make the very simple explanation."

And after supper, when they were seated together in the drawing-room, he said—

"I am not wealthy, which is the second mistake which you have made about me; neither am I poor, as you supposed when you married me, dear girl. This house, just as it is, was the country-seat of my grandfather, General Raymond, who, holding a high office under the Government, was in the receipt of an ample income that enabled him to keep up this style of living. This income of course died with him. This house, with its grounds of about twenty-five acres, and a small amount of bank stock, was left to me. That money was withdrawn and profitably invested, and its proceeds bring me an annual amount equal to the salary I receive for conducting the Newton School. It is true that it will take every cent of my salary to support this style. And if you ask me, Hagar, why I, a young professor, choose to live in a princely house, with a complete establishment of servants, I tell you that it is not from ostentation—you know me to be too really proud for that—but from a constitutional love and necessity of luxury. I told you before that my senses were keen and delicate—I had almost said intellectual—not strong, or gross. Forms and colors must be agreeably contrasted, or harmoniously blended and grouped for my eye; sounds must be music, or those that are not must come subdued through the hushings of soft carpets and velvet curtains; all scents, but the scent of fresh and growing flowers, must be kept far from the rooms I occupy; my table must be supplied with food delicate and nutritious; and lastly, nothing but soft or elastic substances must come in contact with my touch—at least in my home."

"But how, with your delicate tastes, can you bear your school room?" asked Hagar.

"My school room, lecture rooms, hall and &c., among which I pass just five hours a day, are each large, airy, clean and *bare*, that is, bare of every article of furniture not strictly necessary; so that if there is nothing to *delight* there is nothing to *offend*—for the rest, you know that teaching is my vocation, my passion. I give myself fully up to it during the hours of instruction, and when they are over, I return with revived relish for the luxuries of home—enjoyments that would pall upon the taste if they were not relieved by their absence during the hours of intellectual labor, which goes on in another place, and which is itself another keen enjoyment of a different and higher order; as it is, each relieves and enhances the other."

"But why?" asked Hagar, "keep so many and such expensive servants to wait on two young people who are not rich?"

"For many reasons, Hagar; for one thing it requires all of them, each in his or her appropriate place, to keep the house in the perfect order we wish, and in the second, I like to receive the services and veneration—not of Colonel A, B and C, or Judge D, E, or F, but of people who live with me—by the way, remember that, love."

"But then," persisted Hagar, "why keep Mrs. Collins, whose salary must be large?"

"To oversee the others, and keep everything upon velvet, of course."

"I could do that, dear Raymond."

"But you shall not, dear Hagar. You are the lady of the mansion; but forget the house. I could not bear to see your brow corrugated by the thousand and one cares of housekeeping, or to have your come near me with the odor of pantries or stove rooms hanging about you, for I should be sure to detect it through any disguise of perfume; and that is the great reason why I keep Mrs. Collins. You have nothing to do with the house, love. Cultivate your beauty, Hagar; refine it; you have nothing else to do except to take lessons on the harp, which lessons and practice will help to fill up the hours of my *absence*, Hagar; for indeed, love, I think it would give me a brain fever to hear your unpractised fingers strumming discord in my ears."

"Will you permit me to inquire," asked Hagar, "why, with your sensitive, delicate, and luxurious tastes, you could fancy—"

"Such a wild, dark little savage as yourself?"

"Yes."

He raised her from the sofa, and turning around, faced the full length mirror that occupied the space between the two windows behind it.

"Look at your reflection, Hagar," her eyes and *color* raised at the same moment. "You are a little, dark, sparkling creature, your effect is exhilarating. A languishing beauty in these languishing rooms would have been softness to flatness. Are not the perfumes more piquant when conveyed through the medium of spirits of wine? You are just *l'esprit* that gives life to all this soft luxury; and look again, Hagar—survey yourself—see this amber dress and amber complexion suit well together, and this is harmony. Suppose your hair was of the same hue, then the *tout ensemble* would be dull, flat, wearisome. But your ringlets fall black and glittering upon the amber-hued neck and bosom, and this is contrast. Thus contrast and harmony perform the perfection of your toilet."

"I am sure I never thought of that," said Hagar, "when wishing to do honor to your fine house I put on a fine dress; but now I suppose—though I do not care to have my mind skewered down to such trifles—I must think a little more of it, as I suspect that in this grand house you receive grand company sometimes."

"*Never*, Hagar; how do you suppose I could afford it? for if I received grand company I should be invited to grand dinners, and have to give them in return, and that would disturb the luxurious repose of our house and life—no, Hagar, I am too self-indulgent to be ostentatious, or, even hospitable. I like everything upon velvet, all downy, reposing, silent, or breathing low music—"

"Except me."

"Not *always* excepting you—I like your spirit tempered a little—thus—look again into the mirror, Hagar; I said your glittering blue-black ringlets, smoothed and gemmed as they are, form an agreeable contrast to the harmony of your dress; but now suppose that black hair hung in the wild elf locks of the little savage of the heath, as I first knew her—would that be agreeable any way?—no—well! govern—as it were, smooth and gem your piquancy; in a word, use your wildness as you do your hair," and they turned and re-seated themselves.

The next morning after breakfast, Raymond took her all over the house; there were two floors besides the basement and attic—on each floor four large rooms handsomely furnished. Through the middle of each floor ran a hall, from front to back, dividing the rooms in pairs; on the lower floor on the left hand side of the hall were the drawing-room and dining-room we have seen them use on the first evening of their arrival; on the right hand side was a large saloon, once used for balls, but now closed as useless. He took her through the grounds, all handsomely laid out; a vineyard on the right, a kitchen garden in the middle, and an orchard on the left, occupying the ground behind the house, and farther behind ascended the wooded hills. A smooth lawn descending the hill towards the river, was dotted here and there with trees, which were now dropping their leaves. The orchard was laden with the finest fruit—apples, peaches, pears, and &c., under the highest cultivation; the vineyard rich in clustering grapes, brought to the nearest possible state of perfection. This was Wednesday, on the following Monday, Raymond resumed his professional labors, and Hagar wandered up and down the fine house, with every part of which she was now quite familiar, very weary and lonesome. She felt confined, restrained and oppressed by her new state. True, she was still in the country, but not on her wild heath, with her horse and dogs. This country was thickly settled, well cultivated, and closely studded with gentlemen's seats.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Portrait Gallery.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Francis Augustus, Viscount Chateaubriand, was born at Combourg, in Brittany, in 1769. At the age of seventeen he joined the regiment of Navarre, in which he remained for a considerable time. The French Revolution drove him from Europe. He sailed to America, wandered to the wilds of Kentucky, and after a residence there of two years, he crossed the wilds of Texas and New Mexico, as far as Cape Mendocino, on the Pacific Coast. This long journey furnished the materials for his "Natchez," a sort of poetic-prose composition, in which he describes the habits of our Western Indians. Returning to Europe in 1792, he resumed his military career, was wounded at the siege of Thiereville, and soon after repaired to England. Here he wrote his "Historical, political and moral essay, on ancient and modern revolutions, considered in relation to the French Republic." When Napoleon appeared, he discarded this work, abjured his liberal opinions, and became a warm supporter of that singular man. In 1802, he published his "Genius of Christianity," which rendered him so popular in France, that he was induced to return, and with Fontanes and La Harpe, become joint editor of the Mercury. In the following year, he became Secretary to the Roman Legation, under Cardinal Fesch, at which time he conceived the idea of writing his "Martyrs," a religious poem, not versified. He was afterwards appointed French Minister in the Valais, but soon after resigned. In 1806, he visited the East—Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt and Carthage, and returned through France in 1807. According to his own words, he brought back as mementoes of this pilgrimage, a dozen pebbles from Argos, Sparta and Corinth, a phial of water from the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, and a handful of sedge from the banks of the Nile. On his return to France, he was deprived of his share in the Mercury, on account of some remarks which appear to have irritated Napoleon; and from this time his opinion of the Emperor underwent a gradual though total change. Aware that he was the object of suspicion to the Government, he took occasion in his "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," to praise the Emperor's conduct and policy—especially that part of it which referred to military affairs. After the disasters consequent upon the Russian war, Chateaubriand openly announced his hostility to Napoleon, and his adherence to the house of Bourbon. These sentiments are fully embodied in his pamphlet entitled, "Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons," in which he strongly denounced the Emperor, and avowed himself an ultra royalist. By other pamphlets, in a similar style, he ingratiated himself with the old dynasty, was received at Court after Napoleon's last banishment, fled with Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and again returned with him to Paris. Honors such as royalty can confer, now crowded fast upon him. In August, 1815, he was made Peer and Minister of State; in March of the following year he became a Member of the Academy. His feelings, his influence, were now decidedly royal; yet in his "Monarchy According to the Charter," he indulged himself in some reflections so offensive to the crown, that he was dismissed from the office of Secretary of State. From this time until 1820 he continued to publish various works, chiefly of a political character. It is related of him that when the Duke of Bordeaux was baptised, he presented the Duchess of Berri with a phial of water brought from the Jordan. In 1820 Chateaubriand was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Berlin; in the following year Minister of State and Member of the Privy Council. In 1822 he was appointed Extraordinary Ambassador to London, and on his return to France in the same year he succeeded the Duke of Montmorenci in the Department of Foreign Affairs. On the 5th of June, 1824, he was dismissed, under symptoms of disapprobation; but on the death of Louis, he again obtained the favor of the Court by his "The King is dead—Long Live the King." But as he failed in obtaining a place in the ministry, he threw his whole influence with the opposition, and by means of the public press, attacked the ministers with great bitterness and much success. His famous pamphlet "On the Abolition of the Censorship," in which he declared that a representative government without the liberty of the press is worthless, gained him great applause. In 1826, he advocated the cause of Greek freedom both by his pen and in the Chamber of Peers.

Chateaubriand's health now began to fail, and though he continued to be engaged in politics and literature until very recently, yet it was with less success than formerly. His principal labor was his superintending the publication of a complete edition of his works, for which he received five hundred and fifty thousand francs. On returning from a voyage to Dieppe, in 1847, such alarming symptoms of disease manifested themselves, as left no room to doubt that his death was very near. Medical assistance was vain; and on the Fourth of July, 1848, he died at his house in the Rue de Bac, at nine o'clock in the morning. The funeral service was attended by an immense concourse of the great and fashionable of Paris, and M. Patin, a member of the Academy, pronounced the oration over his body. His remains were afterwards transported to St. Malo, his native place, where they were deposited in a tomb on a high rock overlooking the sea, a fitting resting place for the poet-politician.

THE GREATEST MAN.—The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*Channing.*

Selected Articles.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

From the kingdom of Dahomey, on the Western coast of Africa, the largest and most deadly slave-export trade is carried on. To counteract this trade, the British Government, as is well known, incurs a large annual expense, and practically fails in its object. Thus disconcerted, our government has made the attempt to persuade the King of Dahomey to abandon the trade in slaves; and the history of this attempt, drawn from a parliamentary paper, we now propose to give. The particulars are contained in a report by B. Cruickshank, Esq., respecting his mission to Dahomey.

The writer of the report begins by glancing at the present state of this nefarious traffic. "For a period," says he, "extending over the last twelve years, the annual exportation of slaves from the territory of the King of Dahomey has averaged nearly 8,000. In addition to this number, another thousand at least are annually brought down from the interior, and are kept in slavery in the towns and villages upon the coast, where they enjoy, when well conducted, a very considerable share of liberty, and all the necessaries of life in apparent comfort and abundance; but they are subjected to exportation for acts of gross disobedience, as well as for social offences of an aggravated nature.

"It appears to be a general practice with the masters of the slaves to permit them to prosecute their own affairs, and to receive in exchange for this concession of their time a stipulated monthly sum derived from their labor; owing to this arrangement, an industrious slave is sometimes enabled to acquire his freedom by obtaining funds necessary for the purchase of two slaves, which will generally be accepted as the price of his redemption. This annual supply of 9,000 slaves is chiefly, I may say entirely, derived from a systematic course of slave-hunting; for the number paid to the King by the Mahees and other tributaries, together with the criminal offenders who are exported, forms but a small item in the gross amount.

"The King generally accompanies his army to these slave hunts, which he pursues for two or three months every year. Its miserable objects are weak and detached tribes, inhabiting countries adjacent to his dominions, and at distances from his capital varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed in such expeditions is not so great as is generally believed in England. The ordinary plan is to send out traders to act as spies; these carry their petty merchandise into the interior towns, and make their observations upon their means of defence.

"The trader returns after the lapse of some months, guiding the King's army, and instructing the leaders how they may surround and surprise the unsuspecting inhabitants, who are often thus captured on awakening in the morning. As resistance is punished by death, they generally prefer to yield themselves prisoners, and thus the King's victories are often bloodless. It is only when African Kings, of nearly equal power, are ambitious to try their strength, that these wholesale slaughters take place which only terminate in the extermination of a people. Such contests, however, are rare; the African chief having a much greater relish for an easy and unresisting prey, whom he can convert into money, than for the glory of a victory which costs him the lives of his people; so at least it is with the King of Dahomey, who often returns to his capital without the loss of a man either of his own party or that of his enemy. He has on more than one occasion been repulsed by the Akus and the people of Abeokeutah; but in these and similar cases, where the resistance is likely to be strong and determined, his troops are led away before much slaughter has been done.

"After the surrender of a town, the prisoners are presented to the King by their captors, who are rewarded by the payment of cowries, of the value of a couple of dollars for each captive, who is henceforth the King's slave; but on his return to his capital after a successful enterprise, he is in the habit of distributing a number of these unfortunate creatures among his head men, and at the same time bestowing large sums as bounty to his troops. A selection is then made of a portion of the slaves, who are reserved for the King's employment; and the others are sent down to the slave merchant, who not unfrequently has already sold his goods on credit in anticipation of their arrival.

"An export duty of five dollars is paid upon each slave shipped from the King's dominions, even although the port of embarkation may not belong to him. It is a frequent practice to convey them by the lagoon either to the Eastward as Little Popo, or to Westward, as Porto Nuovo, neither of which towns are in subjection to the King. He, however, has command of the lagoon leading to these places, and the duty must be paid previous to their embarkation upon it; so that from the export duty alone the King derives an annual sum of 40,000 dollars. But this is not all. The native dealer, who brings his slaves to the merchant, has also to pay duties on each slave at the different Custom-House stations on their road to the barracoons. The amount paid at these stations it is more difficult to ascertain, as many of the slaves are the King's own property. A sum, however, of not less than 20,000 dollars may be set down for this item. If we estimate the annual number of slaves sold by the King himself at 3,000, and reckon them at the present price of eighty dollars, we have an additional item of 240,000 dollars; thus making in all a revenue of 300,000 dollars derived annually from the slave trade.

"But this calculation which is a near approximation to the truth, and is under rather than above the exact amount, does not by any means convey a just impression of the advantages which the King derives from the slave trade. By the laws of his country he inherits the property of his deceased subjects; so that his head men and others who have been amassing property by this traffic, have only been acting as so many factors to the King, who receives at their death the fruits of the labor of a lifetime; a very small portion of the estate, in slaves and cowries, is generally returned to the natural heir, which serves as a species of capital for him to commence in like manner his factorship. Under a system so calculated to induce an apathetic indifference, the King contrives, by repeated marks of royal favor, and by appointments to office of trust and emolument, to stimulate to industrious exertion the principal men of his kingdom. These appointments, moreover, become hereditary, and their holders form an aristocracy, with sufficient privileges to induce the ambition of entering its ranks."

In the circumstances here stated, it will not appear surprising that Mr. Cruickshank had undertaken an impossibility. On being introduced to the King of Dahomey, and expressing a hope that he would assent to a treaty to extinguish the slave trade on his coast, his majesty was very much at a loss how to reply. He was anxious to conciliate the British Government; but on the other hand, the abandonment of the slave trade was pretty nearly equivalent to financial ruin. His majesty's excuses are admirable. "His chiefs had had long and serious consultations with him upon the subject, and they had come to the conclusion that his government could not be carried on without it. The state which he maintained was great; his army was expensive; the ceremonies and customs to be observed annually, which had been handed down to him from his forefathers, entailed upon him a vast outlay of money. These could not be abolished. The form of his Government could not be suddenly changed without causing such a revolution as would deprive him of his throne, and precipitate his kingdom into a state of anarchy. He was very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. He loved and respected the English character, and nothing afforded him such high satisfaction as to see an Englishman in his country, and to do him honor. He himself and his army were ready at all times to fight the Queen's enemies, and to do anything the English Government might ask of him, but to give up the slave trade. No other trade was known to his people. Palm-oil, it was true, was now engaging the attention of some of them; but it was a slow method of making money, and brought only a very small amount of duties into his coffers. The planting of coffee and cotton had been suggested to him; but this was slower still. The trees had to grow, and he himself would probably be in his grave before he could reap any benefit from them. And what to do in the meantime? Who would pay his troops, or buy arms and clothing for them? Who would buy dresses for his wives? Who would give him supplies of cowries, of rum, of powder, and of cloth to perform his annual customs? He held his power by an observance of the time-honored customs of his forefathers; and he would forfeit it, and entail upon himself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, if he neglected them. It was the slave trade that made him terrible to his enemies, and loved, honored, and respected by his people. How could he give it up? It had been the ruling principle of action with himself and his subjects from their earliest childhood. Their thoughts, their habits, their discipline, their mode of life, had been formed with reference to this all-engrossing occupation; even the very songs with which the mother stilled her crying infant told of triumph over foes reduced to slavery. Could he, by signing this treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It could not be. A long series of years was necessary to bring about such a change. He himself and his people must be made to feel the superior advantages of another traffic in an increase of riches, and of the necessaries and luxuries of life, before they could be weaned from this trade. The expenses of the English Government are great; would it suddenly give up the principal source of its revenue without some equivalent provision for defraying its expenses? He could not believe so. No more would he reduce himself to beggary. The sum offered him would not pay his expenses for a week; and even if the English Government were willing to give him an annual sum equivalent to his present revenue, he would still have some difficulty in employing the energies of his people in a new direction. Under such circumstances, however, he would consider himself bound to use every exertion to meet the wishes of the English Government.

"Such were the arguments which the King used in justification of his refusal to sign the treaty; and much regret did he express that the object which the English Government had in view, was of such vital importance to him that he could not possibly comply with its request.

"Although inwardly acknowledging the force of his objections, I did not give up the subject without endeavoring to convince him that, in the course of a few years, by developing the resources of his rich and beautiful country, he would be able to increase his revenue tenfold; and that the slaves whom he now sold for exportation, if employed in the cultivation of articles of European consumption, would be far more valuable to him than they now were. I endeavored to make him comprehend this, by informing him of the price of a slave in the Brazils, and asking him if he thought the Brazilian would give such a price for him if he did not find himself more than repaid by his labor? He believed this to be the case; but the length of time required, the whole process of an entirely new system, and want of skill among his people to conduct such operations, appear to him insurmountable difficulties. He was willing, however, to permit Englishmen to form plantations in his country, and to give instructions to his people.

"At last the King appeared anxious to escape from this harassing question; and by way of closing the interview, invited me to accompany him to witness a review of his troops. What principally struck me upon this occasion was the animus displayed by every one present, from the King to the meanest of his people; every word of their mouths, every thought of their hearts, breathed of defiance, of battle, and slavery to their enemies: his principal captains, both male and female, expressed an anxious hope that I would remain in their country to witness their first triumph, and to behold the number of captives they would lead back to Abomey; and that I might be in no doubt that the general mass participated in these sentiments, such an assenting shout rent the air, as must have often proclaimed the victory. A quiet smile of proud satisfaction passed across the King's face as he regarded me with a look which said, 'these are my warriors;' and when I heard the loud rattle of their arms, and saw the wild sparkle of their delighted eyes, gleaming with strong excitement, as they waved their swords and standards in the air, I fully acknowledged the force of the King's question,—'Could he, by signing the treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people?' The sight which I was witnessing was to me a stronger argument than any the King had yet used; here there was no palliating, no softening down, no attempt to conceal their real sentiments under the plea of necessity for undertaking their slave-hunting wars, but a fierce, wild and natural instinct, speaking in language that could not be misunderstood.

"At no time before my arrival in his country, did I ever entertain the faintest hope of his acceding to it in good faith; and since I had ascertained at Whydah the amount of revenue derived from this trade, and had seen the rude and expensive magnificence of his state, I could not but feel that a repetition of my paltry offer of an annual subsidy of $2,000 would only clothe me with ridicule. I was anxious, however, to ascertain whether the King really regarded it in a merely pecuniary point of view, and would forego the trade in slaves upon finding his revenue made up from other sources. He assured me that he would; but, even with this assurance, I may be allowed to doubt whether a monarch and a people of such ambitious character would cease from making war upon their neighbors."

Mr. Cruikshank had subsequent conversation with the King of Dahomey on the subject of his mission, but all equally unavailing. Afterwards, De Souza, a person famous in the annals of slave-dealing, tendered a piece of advice which seems far from unreasonable. "Your government wishes to put a stop to the slave trade?" said he. I assented. "Then leave it alone; leave it alone," he repeated; "and believe me, you will disappoint the slave-dealer far more than by the most stringent laws you could form; and in the course of a couple of years you will be much nearer your object than by enforcing the strictest blockade which the whole navy of England could make on the Coast of Africa." The source from which this counsel was derived may render it very suspicious in the eyes of some; nevertheless, I am inclined to think that the old gentleman was giving a true opinion upon the subject, and certainly, as being the observation of a man of De Souza's shrewdness and experience, it is worth more than a casual notice. It is a distressing truth that our present blockade is no check whatever to the slave trade: it is flourishing at this moment to such a degree, that the last accounts from Brazil report more than 8,000 slaves in the market there without any purchaser; and not long ago a cargo of slaves arrived at the same place, which found such a bad market, that they were given up to pay freight. In presence of such facts as these, and the additional fact, that during the whole period that we have maintained cruisers on the coast, the slave trade has gone on uninterruptedly, we must be convinced of the futility of such a system: it appears to me to serve no other purpose than to increase the horrors of the traffic. In the first place, the certainty of losing a considerable proportion by capture, increases the slave merchants' orders for supply to the slave-hunting African kings, and so renders more frequent and incessant their cruel forays, with their endless tale of miseries from the bloody battle-field, where they were taken prisoners, or from their smoking huts, where they were surprised in sleep, throughout their toilsome journey over the burning plains and through the swampy forests, until their arrival on the seashore. In the next place, the precaution necessary to avoid the cruisers oblige the slavers to cram these miserable objects into the stifling holds of small vessels, where it is well known thousands die from suffocation. In addition to this, I believe I may add, that it sometimes happens that the slave merchant has been more fortunate than he calculated upon, and that more of his slaves have escaped capture than he expected; he does not, therefore, require the additional lot of slaves who have been hunted down for him; so they are left sometimes to starve in the hands of their captors, and sometimes are led forth to gratify them with their tortures. There can be no doubt but that much of this incredible suffering would be avoided if there were no cruisers; and truly, if we cannot alleviate the miseries of these wretches by our blockade, let us not add to their torments by our philanthropic but fruitless exertions.

De Souza was right. Our attempts to put down the slave trade by armed cruisers is proved to be utterly hopeless, and monstrous on the score of inhumanity, not to speak of expense. Ships cannot repress the slave trade, neither would a line of fortresses on the coast: for in the latter case, the trade would only be diverted into a new channel. Besides, a land blockade would embroil us with the Americans, French, and other nations. In the name of common sense, then, why is the present pernicious and ruinously-expensive policy pursued? If we must have a hand in the thing, why are not more placable means employed? To the consideration of this most important subject the minds of all reasonable persons ought to be directed. Unreasoning philanthropy, in this as in other things, has done nothing but mischief.

THE RUSH FOR CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman of this city, applied a few days ago to Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall, of New York, for a passage in the November boat from Panama to California.—He was informed that in a few hours after opening the books for this boat, every berth was taken up, and they have since received six or seven hundred applications for passage. A ticket-holder, who changed his mind about going, obtained $400 advance on the price, and the holder of another ticket asks $125 premium. The tickets are advertised as "not transferable." New England is about to suffer a second depletion of her people for the shores of California.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ At North Shields there has been recently extracted from a woman's shoulder a needle which fifteen years ago entered one of her fingers.

☞ The Postmaster General, on the representations of some person at Farnham, Richmond Co., Va., was led to appoint "Mr. Spencer Marden" Postmaster at that place, who, it turns out, is a free man of color. Upon being advised of the fact, the Post-Master General abolished the office.

☞ The late Rev. Henry Colman, who died at Islington, England, was buried with much pomp by his English friends. The place of interment was the gift of Lady Byron, who has also undertaken to erect a monument to the deceased.

☞ Martin Lane, Cashier of the Cambridge Bank, Boston, has in his garden, on Main Street, an Andrews pear tree, which has borne three crops this season, and is now in blossom for the fourth time.

☞ Father Mathew will visit Ohio next Spring.

☞ The Man at the Corner says it is impossible peace can be restored to the European States while there's a *General Wrangel* among them.

☞ Mrs. Partington, in astonishment, makes the following inquiry of the editor of the Post—to which the Colonel, ungallant man, makes no reply:

MR. EDITOR:—For mussy's sake, do tell me, how many feet has Queen Victory got? The newspapers are talking about, "Her Majesty's "3d Foot!"

"Yours, ANN PARTINGTON."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON FILE. "Flower Verses," "A Legend of St. Peter" and another poem by the same author, and "Sabbath Morning Hymn."

DECLINED. "Lines to S. P.," "The Stranger's Dream," "Recollections of My Aunt," "The Charge," and "My Baby," are respectfully declined.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of the European news received since our last, is a letter from Louis Napoleon, indicating that the Government of France has determined upon pursuing a liberal policy towards Rome. The letter in question is a kind of private-public one, addressed to Colonel Edgar Ney, Louis Napoleon's "orderly officer" at Rome. It is as follows:

ELYSEE NATIONAL, Aug. 18.

My Dear Ney:—The French Republic has not sent an army to Rome to put down Italian liberty, but, on the contrary, to regulate it by preserving it against its own excesses, and to give it a solid basis by replacing on the Pontifical throne the Prince, who (the first) had boldly taken the lead in all useful reforms. I learn, with pain, that the benevolent intentions of the Holy Father, as well as our own action, remain sterile in presence of hostile passions and influences. The desire of certain persons appears to be to make proscription and tyranny the basis of the Pope's return. Say to General Rostolan from me, that he is not to permit, that, under shadow of the tri-colored flag, any act be committed which can lower the character of our intervention.

I thus sum up the restoration of the Pope's temporal power:—A general amnesty; the secularization of the administration; the code of Napoleon; and a liberal government.

I was personally hurt, in reading the proclamation of the three cardinals, to perceive that no mention whatever was made in it of the name of France, or of the sufferings of our brave soldiers.

Every insult offered to our flag or our uniform goes direct to my very heart; and I have to request you to make it well understood, that if France does not sell her service, she, at least, insists on due consideration being paid to her sacrifices and her abnegation.

When our armies made the round of Europe, they left everywhere, as the mark of their passage, the destruction of the abuses of feudality, and the germs of liberty. It shall not be said that in 1849, a French army can have acted in a different sense, and brought about different results.

Tell the General to thank, in my name, the army for its noble conduct. I have learned, with pain, that even physically it was not treated as it ought to have been. Nothing ought to be neglected to suitably provide accommodation for our troops.

Receive, my dear Ney, the assurance of my sincere friendship.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

This letter, which is more than the republican world expected from Louis Napoleon, produced a great sensation at Rome—the people being highly delighted with it, while the cardinals and priests were as highly displeased. The Pope is said to have "folded his arms and looked up to Heaven" in astonishment, when it was communicated to him. The last reports from Rome were to the effect, however, that the cardinals, seeing no help for it, were about to comply, *of their own accord*, with the spirit of the aforesaid letter.

The Pope was to leave Gaeta on the 8th for Naples. It does not look probable that Rome will soon be honored with his presence. A conference was announced to come off soon between the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Naples, at which doubtless some determination will be come to, as to the course which the Pope shall pursue.

Garibaldi had reached Genoa in safety, where he is to remain until he can find an opportunity of quitting Italy. He has had quite a romantic time of it since leaving Rome.

Comorn still holds out against the Austrians—though it is reported that Klapka and a large number of the officers, have left the fortress and surrendered. The garrison is willing to surrender on conditions—such as a general amnesty for all Hungary, &c. This, however, the Austrians will not grant. The garrison is believed to number 20,000 men, and it would require probably 80,000 to reduce the fortress, such is its great strength.

Kossuth, Dembinski, and a number of other Hungarian leaders are in Turkey—and the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors are using all their influence to prevail upon the Porte to deliver them up. They have claimed the protection of the English Consul, and the English and French Ministers are doing what they can in their behalf. Notwithstanding it is stated that Russian influence is now stronger than ever at Constantinople, it is hardly possible, we think, that the Turkish Court should be so regardless of the duties of hospitality as to comply with the brutal request of Austria and the Czar.

A correspondent of one of the English papers, has the following about Gorgey:

Gorgey arrived at Vienna on the 7th instant, with his wife and physician, having been ten days on the road from Grosswardein, by way of Cracow, to Vienna. He was accompanied by Major Andrassy, who left that city with him at 4 P. M. for Klagenfurth, which is to be his future residence. The events of the last year have not failed to produce the effect upon Gorgey which might be expected, for he looks full five or six years older than he really is. As people generally form most erroneous opinions as to the personal appearance of remarkable public characters, it may not be amiss to state that the "young" Gorgey of the press is on the wrong side of forty, wears spectacles, and has a countenance somewhat remarkable for its determined, and in my opinion, honest expression. Like Byron's Corsair—

> No giant frame sets forth his common height;
> Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again
> Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men.

A queer story is told of Gorgey, to the following effect:

The opera is still astir with the approaching rehearsal of a new opera in five acts, to be supported by all the principal singers of the establishment, and of which Madame Viardot is to take the principal part. The music of the piece is written by the Hungarian General, Gorgey, and he is about to proceed to Paris to superintend its production on the boards. The subject of the opera is taken from the annals of his country, the hero being the renowned Mathias Corvin.

"Nero fiddled while Rome was burning"—but we can hardly believe that Gorgey, unless he really be the traitor that many believe him to be, could gaily superintend the production of an opera at Paris, while his country was yet groaning beneath the armed heel of her conquerors.

The Madrid papers and people express themselves much pleased with the course pursued by the American Government towards the expedition preparing against Cuba.

All the Northern States of Germany, except Oldenburg, have acceded to the alliance proposed by Prussia, Saxony and Hanover.

We have nothing yet very definite as to Switzerland. It is stated in a letter from Berne to *La Patrie*, that the moderate party has gained the upper hand, and that the difficulty with Prussia about the canton of Neufchatel, will be arranged more easily than was supposed possible.—This may be so, but we should not be surprised at any time to learn that an unholy coalition of European despots had resolved to realize the famous prediction of the poet:

> "The name of Liberty has passed and gone
> Over three fractions of the groaning globe;
> Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
> A sceptre, and endures a purple robe.
> If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
> His chainless mountains, 'tis *but for a time*,
> For tyranny of late has cunning grown,
> And in its own good season tramples down
> The sparkles of our ashes."

THE OPERA HOUSE RIOTERS.

Seventeen persons have been convicted of a participation in the Astor Opera House Riots, in New York. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline) received the severest sentence—twelve months imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and a fine of $250. We perceive, also, that Judson's wife has obtained a divorce from him.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

The Grand Jury of Philadelphia County, in their recent presentment to the Court of Quarter Sessions, recommend:

The consolidation of the city and the incorporated districts in the county, into one municipal corporation, under one efficient head.

The election of the City Councils by Wards, in order that the minority, the great balance wheel in all public bodies, and the best check on unwise and wasteful legislation, may be represented.

The formation of a well organized fire department, "efficient and under control," which means, if it means anything, a *paid* system.

And, as a consequence of the above reforms—the saving in municipal expenses, &c., and the prevention of riots,—a reduced rate of taxes.

To bring about this new and better state of things, the Grand Jury recommend the citizens to call meetings to devise means for the holding of a Convention to adopt such measures as may be required.

Cannot something now be done in this matter. The prosperity of a city is closely allied with its reputation for order and good morals. If something be not done, if the riotous spirits of Moyamensing and other districts be much longer allowed to continue their saturnalia unchecked, the character of Philadelphia at large will begin to suffer. To ensure good order, two things are absolutely necessary—a union of the city proper with the districts, and the adoption of a *paid* in the place of the present *volunteer* fire system. These measures will of course be strenuously opposed by the would-be great men who figure at the head of the present city and district corporations, by the rowdy portion of the firemen, and by the "Killers," "Bouncers," &c., and their friends—and, because it will meet with the opposition of these classes, little aid can be expected even from those leading politicians who are as fully persuaded as any others, of the necessity of the proposed changes.

But the great mass of the people can be enlisted in support of these necessary reforms, if men of the proper character will come forward and lead the way. Hundreds and thousands of signatures could be obtained to a call for a public meeting, where public sentiment could be unequivocally expressed, and the proper committees appointed to take the matter in hand.

TRIAL BY JURY.

JUDICIAL PROGRESS.—The New Albany Bulletin makes a suggestion to the expected Convention in Indiana, which is of some importance. It says:

In anticipation of the Convention to revise the Constitution, the question is being agitated whether it would not be advisable to so amend the law, that the number of jurors empanelled on a trial will be smaller, and the majority of the jury enabled to give a verdict. Many strong arguments are urged in favor of the change desired, from the interminable length to which trials are at times extended, and the difficulty of twelve men coming to a correct conclusion concerning a case, without a sacrifice on some side, of either conscience or judgment.

If any change of the kind alluded to, is made, and we confess we are not altogether disinclined to see such an experiment tried in some one of the cluster of States, it might be well to allow a bare majority to bring in a verdict only after a certain time had elapsed. For instance, during the first one or two days, unanimity to be required; during the second or third day, two-thirds of the jury to be authorised to bring in a verdict; and during the third or fourth, a simple majority to determine the case. If a majority were allowed to decide the question at once, there might be danger of the case not being well sifted by the jurors. There might also be a distinction made between civil and criminal cases.

PANTALOONS.

The male part of creation are continually accusing the female portion of a desire to usurp the peculiar dress of the former. There does seem to be some ground for this charge, as every one who reads the papers knows. *All* the ladies, however, do not seem penetrated with a desire to assume masculine apparel; Mrs. Swisshelm, for instance, gives her opinion upon the subject in language by no means flattering to the stronger sex. She says:

"Our long, wide skirts are indeed a great impediment in rural exercise. We have often felt this in walking through wet grass—getting over fences, and clambering round rocks. A short dress, and some substitute for pantaloons, would be a great convenience in such excursions, provided the costume were sufficiently marked and distinguished from men's apparel. *It would be too humiliating to be met and mistaken for a man. We should a great deal rather be arrested as a sheep thief.* We shall use all our influence to preserve man's right to his pantaloons inviolate. They ought to be his, and his only, *for they are too ugly for any body else to wear.* Art should not interfere with Nature's arrangements. Let men look like themselves, and women look like women. *Let men keep their distinct apparel, their strength and their ugliness in welcome.* Nobody wants either, unless, indeed, Mrs. Butler has taken a fancy to their clothes, and if she has, she should be court martialled, and deprived of her woman's commission.

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S LETTER.

One of the most offensive paragraphs in M. de Tocqueville's letter to Mr. Rush, is said to have been incorrectly interpreted by the translator of the State Department. It reads, in the original:

J'invite M. Poussin a ne jamais oublier cette regle dans ses rapports avec le Gouvernement des Etats Unis, et j'ai la confiance qu'on lui en rendra l'observation facile par la reciprocite.

Of which the following is said to be a literal translation:

"I invite Mr. Poussin never to forget this rule in his intercourse with the Government of the United States, and I am sure that *the observance of it will be rendered easy to him by reciprocity.*"

This is very different from the translation given by the State Department, where M. De Tocqueville is made to say, "IF IT BE RECIPROCATED, the observance of it will be rendered easy to him." It does not appear, however, that other offensive portions of the English version of the letter of M. de Tocqueville are open to the same excuse of being incorrectly rendered.

BOSTON POETRY.

We take the following verses from a poem on Hungary, recently published in one of the large Boston papers. We "calculate" poetry must have "*riz*" of late in Boston:

> Alas! poor Hungary!
> Low in the dust *you* lie;
> All our fondest hopes for *thee*, have fled,
> Austria the Traitor,
> Russia still greater
> Combining, your sad downfall have laid.
>
> Austria in fear,
> The brave Magyars near,
> For help, unto Russia did call,
> 'Twas then from *her* lair,
> The great Northern Bear,
> *Her* myriads of Cossacks *let fall*.
>
> The Czar kept his word—
> "With *Fire* and with *Sword*,"
> Must Freedom, be *quench'd* in the *bud*,
> And though Raab, and Comorn,
> Long resisted the Storm,
> Too soon overwhelm'd in the flood.

GOOD.

Count Wass, the Hungarian agent to this country, in a recent letter to the North American, of this city, says:

Immediately after my arrival in the United States, I presented myself at Washington to learn the disposition of this Government with regard to Hungary, which, I am happy to state, I found to be of *the most gratifying sympathetic nature*; but as I was not specially accredited to the United States Government, I could not present myself officially, and in a measure, insist upon being received as diplomatic agent here, although accredited as such to several Governments of Europe.

We are pleased to find that our Government acted so noble and republican a part towards Hungary, as recent developments prove. We were afraid at one time, that a cautious, non-committal, unworthy policy had been adopted by the new administration, and we expressed our fears—but we find we were mistaken, and are pleased to make the *amende honorable*.

A PALTRY BUSINESS.

Watson G. Haynes, the sailors' friend, was recently indicted for inciting to riot, &c., at a meeting called to sustain the "Sailors' *Homes*"—places falsely so named, if the sailors are to be believed.

Mr. Haynes and other sailors went to the meeting, according to the published invitation, and voted down the "cut and dried" proceedings, as they had a perfect right to do.

But a charge of inciting to riot was brought against Mr. Haynes, and the trial lately came off before one of our courts. The result was that the jury disagreed—*eleven* being for acquittal, as it is understood, and *one* for conviction.

So ends a very "small potato" business—which lessens Mr. Haynes not a jot in the eyes of the public, but rather creates a sympathy for him as a persecuted and injured man:

> "For ever the right comes uppermost
> And ever is justice done."

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

A friend of ours was looking over the Bible the other day, when she called our attention to the fact that a common and generally considered rather vulgar saying, was a scriptural one. In the book of Job, nineteenth chapter, she found the following verse:

"My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am *escaped with the skin of my teeth*."

After this, we should not be surprised to hear that the phrase "*skinning a flea for its hide and tallow*," as applied to illustrate extreme covetousness, was to be found in the proverbs of Solomon.

IS IT SO?

It is alleged that a treaty between England, France and the United States exists, which guarantees the *independence* of the island of Cuba, in case of its separation from Spain. Is it so?

THE SALVAGE QUESTION.

Two instances have been already cited, where French vessels of war both demanded and received salvage for services rendered in cases of wreck. One of the vessels from which salvage was received, was an American vessel, the brig Active, of Baltimore, which ran on a bank about two years ago.

We are of those who think that the practice of demanding salvage, in cases of distress at sea, is not becoming the dignity of a national vessel belonging to any leading power. While it is entirely *just* so to do, there is a want of magnanimity in exacting payment for such services. Therefore, we regret that, in the case of the barque Eugenie, any compensation should have been demanded by Commander Carpender. But, while expressing this opinion and regret, we must also express our contempt at the course pursued by the owners of the Eugenie. It was mean enough to refuse to pay the salvage demanded—*for if* the services of the American sailors had not been rendered, the vessel and cargo would have been a perfect loss—and tenfold meaner to complain of the short detention of their vessel by those who had rendered them such valuable and uncompensated services. And the French Government would have acted a nobler part, if it had indignantly refused to become the organ of complaints of so mean and despicable a character.

A FABRICATION.

A statement has appeared in some of the papers, to the effect that an angry correspondence had taken place between Mr. Clayton and the British Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Crampton, relative to the Musquito Question. The whole story is declared by the Washington "Intelligencer" to be "a sheer invention."

The "Intelligencer" also says:

It is very like another ridiculous story circulated by the Democratic press that the Secretary of State had advised that Madame Poussin should not be received at the President's; and that Mr. Poussin resented it by insulting the Government. It is hardly necessary to say that there is no foundation whatever of such a statement, or any part of it. There were no unkind feelings between Mr. Poussin and any member of the Cabinet. The sole cause of our Government taking offence is to be found in the correspondence of Mr. Poussin alone.

In copying the above, we can but express our surprise that a story so extensively circulated, should not have been sooner denied—that is, if there be no foundation for "*any part of it*;" if it be entirely false that a social difficulty aggravated the political one.

THE LITTLE YANKEE BOY.

The editor of "Holden's Magazine" says he came across the following capital little parody recently in his "newspaper voyaging." It is from a "Childish Lyric."

> He sits in a tub of cold water, every morning, very stout;
> And he's soused, with a sponge, like a cataract, but he does not snivel or shout;
> But he chatters with grit, short breath, and he paddles and spatters about;
> For he knows this "cold water treatment" keeps off lumbago or gout—
> This fine little sturdy Yankee boy, just one year of age.
>
> And when he's dried till his skin is pink, this hydropathic old chap
> Gets on red socks and a pinafore—also a morning cap.
> And he comes down stairs like an ogre, to breakfast in nurse's lap.
> And you'd stare if you saw how he punishes a saucepan of solid pap—
> Like a fine little sturdy Yankee boy, just one year of age.

PLAGIARISM.

The Washington "National Era" gives a prominent place to a short poem on labor, avowedly written for that paper, which consists of the last two verses of Mrs. Osgood's fine poem on the same subject, with a few verbal alterations.

By the way, in the same paper, we see a pretty little poem, by Miss Phœbe Carey, on "Maiden Tears," (query, *Fears*,) in which the following verse occurs:

> Not mine was the fault
> That such weakness was shown—
> *Oh, he should not have kissed me*
> *By starlight alone.*

We agree with Miss Phœbe—it was a very improper thing to allow under such circumstances. If there had been witnesses by, in case the prediction of a subsequent verse proves true, and he should

> "The heart he has won
> Cast lightly aside—"

she would have her action for a "breach of promise."

SINGULAR ENOUGH.

It is stated in a letter from New York which appears in the New Orleans Bulletin, that the pastor of a Baptist Church in New York, the Rev. J. D. Seeley, has caused a large painting of a religious character to be placed on the walls of his church, and announces the fact in a published advertisement. According to the advertisement, "it (the picture) can be seen every Lord's day;" and, continues the advertisement, "the Rev. J. D. Seeley, the originator of the design, and through whose instrumentality *this vast help to worship* has been introduced, still continues to preach *to the admirers of this beautiful work of art.*" If this statement be true, and we have not seen it contradicted, it will excite some sensation among the members of the Baptist denomination.

NEW YORK MILK.

Two hundred cows were recently burned in their stables in New York, which stables contained about four hundred cows, which were fed upon *the refuse of an adjoining distillery*. The milk of these cows was regularly served out every morning to the unfortunate New Yorkers. No wonder the cholera was so bad in New York. We regret to say that the distillery in question which also caught on fire, suffered an inconsiderable amount of damage.

ROSINE ASSOCIATION.

The women of Philadelphia are invited to attend the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Rosine Association, *for the reformation, employment, and instruction of Females who have led immoral lives*, at the Lecture Room of the Museum Building, (entrance on George St.) on Saturday, Oct. 6th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

PANORAMA OF ITALY.

We would call the attention of our city readers to the Panorama of Italy, painted by Mr. Waugh, now being exhibited in the Assembly Building. Mr. Waugh is an artist of some celebrity, and he has devoted much time and labor to this panorama. It is the most beautiful panorama ever exhibited in this city.

NOVEL LIBEL SUIT.

We see it stated that the editor of a New York paper has been sued by "George Gordon Byron"—as he calls himself—for doubting that the said George Gordon is the *illegitimate* son of Lord Byron.

New Publications.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT, *Attorney General of the United States. By John P. Kennedy. In two volumes. Phila. Lea & Blanchard.* We have merely time this week to notice the appearance of this work, which has been looked for with considerable eagerness by the public. The high character of Wirt, and the literary reputation of Mr. Kennedy, have combined to lead the American world to anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of this biography. The first volume contains a likeness of Mr. Wirt, engraved by A. B. Walter, from a portrait by Chas. B. King. The face is a remarkably handsome one.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE. *By Captain Marryat. New York: Harper & Brothers.* If we are not mistaken, this is the first American edition of this work. If it has heretofore appeared, it must have been, we think, under a different name. It is a narrative professedly written by a boy who was left alone on an uninhabited island. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD. *By Mrs. Colman, editor of the Youth's Sketch Book, Lu Lu Books, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.* A pretty little volume for the young, containing the "Story of Meta," "A Good Man," "Cruelty and Kindness," "The Fisherman's Children," &c. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*

THE GRAEFENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH. *Published by the Graefenberg Company.* A work containing many useful suggestions as to health and diet, mingled with others relative to medicine, of which we are not qualified to judge. For sale by *W. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.*

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. *By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair."* The third number of this novel, which is attracting much attention, has been published by the Harpers. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

CHALMER'S WORKS. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* The seventh volume of Dr. Chalmers' posthumous works, just published, is upon the "Institutes of Theology." For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

THE BRAVO,—OR, THE RED MASK. *A grand operatic drama, in three acts, as performed by the Seguin Troupe.* This drama is founded upon Cooper's novel of "The Bravo." The music was composed by Marliani.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER. *By Captain Marryat.* Another of T. B. Peterson's new and uniform edition of Marryat's works.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. *By Mrs. Hughs. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* We have received from the publishers a number of little books for children, written by Mrs. Hughs, viz.: "Frank Worthy, the Orphan," "The Proud Girl Humbled," "The Gipsey Fortune Teller," "Lizzie Linden," "The Mother's Birth Day," and "May Morning." From the well known ability of Mrs. Hughs as a writer of works calculated to amuse and instruct the youthful mind, we feel at liberty to recommend the above books to the examination of parents.

BOSSON'S MAGAZINE. This magazine for October comes to us filled with its usual variety of prose and verse. The editor's "review" is generally the best part of it.

Our Correspondents

EARLY RISING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Much has been said and written by the learned upon early rising—but still, people will not follow their admonitions. They know not the real value of so doing; if they did, in my opinion, the rising sun would find neither man, woman nor child asleep. I will try and show you a *few* of the profits, pleasures, and instructions, which people would obtain, by rising only one hour earlier every morning, which is not half the time spent in bed after daybreak by most persons.

First I will show the profits of early rising. There are three hundred and thirteen week-days in one year—and if we would *rise one hour* earlier every morning, we should have three hundred and thirteen hours every year more than we now have—and this, divided by ten, (the number of hours which the working-class generally work each day,) gives us thirty-one days and three hours every year, which at one dollar per day, would be thirty-one dollars and thirty cents. This small sum, if put at interest, at the end of each year, and the interest added thereto, from the time a man was twenty until he was fifty years of age, would amount to the sum of $2,494 47.

Perhaps early rising makes more difference with the farmer than any other class of people. If he remains in bed until the sun is one hour above the horizon, and then crawls out, he will very likely find his cows have become uneasy on account of hunger, and have poked down the old yard fence (as the slothful farmer never has a good one,) and have strayed away. He then looks about for them, and more than likely finds them in a neighboring corn-field. By the time he gets them out, settles all disputes, pays all damages, and gets them home, the sun is full three hours high. He now tries to milk them, but the flies are such a torment, the harmless creatures kick over the pail, and so he loses his milk as well as his temper.

After all other necessary work is done he is ready to sit down to breakfast beside a wife, (if any one has been so unlucky as to get him,) who is naturally very kind and affectionate, but has become ill-tempered by having to wait so long for her breakfast.

After breakfast is over, he thinks he is ready to go into the field to work, but no, his oxen were fed so late, he is obliged to wait another half hour for them; so that when he gets into the field to work, all of the pleasantest and coolest part of the day is gone. If it is in harvest time, the grass has become dry and he has to work hard to cut it, but he says, "Oh, I enjoyed myself so much in bed this morning, it is no matter."

With the mechanic it does not make as much difference—but he should be at his work early in the morning if he wishes to be successful through life, and obtain a character for honor and integrity from his fellow beings. Those who have not any thing to do, let them rise an hour before breakfast, and exercise themselves either by riding, walking, or in some other way. They will find they have a better appetite than when they remained in their rooms, as most of the fashionable people do, until they are called to breakfast.

I hear some people say, they have no time for this thing or that, let them rise one hour earlier every morning, and see what a vast deal of time it makes.

One will say I have no time to work in a garden! let him rise one hour earlier, and he will find plenty of time to take care of a large garden, in which he can raise fruits and flowers to make life more pleasant.

Another will say, I have no time for reading; let him rise one hour earlier and he will have plenty of time to read. Another will say, I have no time for visiting my friends; let him rise one hour earlier, and he will have one month more each year, in which he could make a great many more visits than he now makes.

And there are a great many other things, too numerous to mention, which might be done, that are now left undone.

What is there more glorious than to see the rising sun throw its bright rays over the universe, and hear the merry birds sing their notes of praise to their Creator; but the grand spectacle passes on day after day with but a few spectators. I know it is hard to break bad habits, but let every one make the effort to rise early, and if he succeeds, he will never be sorry.

> "Early to bed and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

If you lose one hour in the morning, it is lost forever—you may trot all day and you cannot overtake it.

Thus far I have only told what might be done on week days; and now I will show a little what could be done on Sunday mornings.

One hour would give us time to read several chapters in the Bible or some other religious book, and then arrive at church in time to hear more of the service, than a great many now hear.

AN EARLY RISER.

LETTER FROM MRS. SWISSHELM.

We have received the following letter from Mrs. Swisshelm relative to the unfortunate accident related in Dr. Baker's letter, in a recent number of the Post.

PITTSBURGH, September 26th, 1849.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—I am distressed to learn, by a letter in the Post of the 22nd, that a serious accident has happened in the preparation of my receipt for coloring green. I should have given more precautions. I knew the chemical action varied in intensity; but as I had been in the habit of using, or seeing this mixture used, for twenty years past—as I had, in that time, given the recipe to many who used it, and had never known any accident to happen with it, I had almost forgotten such a thing might be. My directions were to "get an *apothecary* to put oil of vitriol and indigo into a bottle." It did not occur to me that persons ignorant of the properties of the two agents, might join them in proportions to make them dangerous. With the prescribed proportions I never, but once, saw the chemical action sufficiently violent to eject any part from the bottle, and then it rose slowly as water boiling. I have seen chemists put indigo into a bottle, set it on the scales and balance it, add the weights, and pour the vitriol in until the scale balanced, without producing any apparent chemical action; so that Dr. Baker is mistaken in supposing it always mixed in an open vessel. I join in his wish that girls were all chemists. My knowledge that not one in a thousand is so, made me use the term "ferment," as most likely to be understood by all, and to carry the idea that the preparation would require air and room. Most unfortunately I forgot to add, "leave the cork out." This is one of the many, many mistakes I have made, through a wretched habit of taking it for granted people know what I mean, and only half saying what I begin to say. My omissions have never brought so serious consequences before; but this is a painful lesson I shall not soon forget. My head is aching, I know, quite as badly as any of those who have suffered through my want of precision. I shall take care in future to give no recipe that will "blow up," for I hate gun-powder, and any thing that bears any resemblance to it.

Yours, &c.,

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

☞ A rich controversy is going on between two parties among the colored Daughters of Temperance at Harrisburg. From the latest published despatch of one party, we extract the following rich sentence:

"We have been more than perplexed, surprised or confounded, at the shameless audacity, the *unblushing* impudence, and the total want of everything like honor, honesty, truth or justice, in that false, unfounded and slanderous attack upon the motives, character respectability, and reputation of our honored and esteemed *male Daughter* of Temperance, James McCrummell, the Worthy Father and Founder of our wide-spread and beautiful Order."

CONVENTION TO REMODEL THE CONSTITUTION OF KENTUCKY.—The State Convention called together for the purpose of remodelling the Constitution of Kentucky, organized on the 1st, by electing John M. Gurthrie, (Democrat) President, and Thomas J. Helm, Secretary. The vote for President was as follows: Guthrie, 50; Nixon, 43.

☞ Mr. Calhoun, it is rumored, on the statements in a private letter received in this city, is about to resign, at an early day, his seat in the United States Senate. The cause of this step is not stated.

☞ Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble (the name since the divorce) is now reading Shakspeare in this city.

☞ A looking glass has been exhibited at the Paris Exposition, 18 feet by 13 in size.

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

THE LONDON LITERATI.

The Honorable Mrs. Norton occupies a leading position among literary circles in London, and deservedly so. Her life, notwithstanding the cruel slanders that years ago came near breaking her heart, is one of beautiful purity. There is a *hauteur* in her manners that an American must dislike. Whenever she talks with one who is not of noble blood, and especially if he be lowly-born she assumes an air of condescension, holds out the mere tips of her fingers on introduction with a take-care-don't-touch-me-air, and is reserved.—This is probably the result of education—certainly it cannot spring naturally from a heart like hers!

Wordsworth, the poet-laureate, is scarcely ever seen in town save on state occasions, and then moves little in the literary circles. But in his home, among the northern lakes, he can be seen by a "favored few."

Leigh Hunt, the companion of Byron and Shelley, lives in town. His residence is a small, neat dwelling, with a pleasant bit of ground attached. He is in comfortable circumstances, though not wealthy—the pension which the Queen granted him is very acceptable in his old age. He moves little in general society of late, preferring the choicer, sweeter society of his own home. His daughters, though accomplished and beautiful, seem hardly to have inherited their father's genius. To those who are fortunate enough to be favored with an entrance to the poet's heaven, he is ever affable, loving and voluble. To hear him of a pleasant evening, when the fire brightens in the grate, and the cold wind freshens without—to hear him, seated on an easy sofa beside it, recount his early experiences with those so great but now departed, with tender pathos and quiet humor, for which he is so remarkable, is a treat seldom enjoyed and never surpassed. He is a lovely man; by his position he is entitled to the highest society, yet he prefers quietness with true love; and loving democratical sentiments instead of aristocratical, he never offends by word or deed the sensitive heart of the low-born aspirant for literary fame!

Philip Bailey, the large-brained author of "Festus," mingles little in London Society, but remains in the country not many miles from town. He is of a retiring disposition—too much so to succeed in his profession which is that of the law.

Mrs. Ellis, the author of so many Hannah Moreton works, is a school-mistress in a little town just out of London; and one of her later works—of small size—her publisher told me was better calculated to advertise her ladies' school than anything else! It is a school of the higher order, and Mrs. Ellis is merely its head.

Elizabeth B. Barrett, or rather Mrs. Browning is, and has been for months, in Florence, Italy, breathing the inspirations of that beautiful land in company with her husband, "Pomegranate" Browning. During the last summer she has become the mother of a beautiful boy, who, if he inherits the talents and genius of his parents, will become great indeed.

Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law-rhymer, the iron-hearted poet of the poor, is to be seen sometimes in town, but seldom. When he does come, he never is found where fashion and nobility are, for he has uttered too many bitter truths of them to be palatable, and he has not forgotten "that antique sting of poetry" which the old masters used with so much effect.

Douglas Jerrold, the indefatigable editor of a weekly newspaper, bearing his own name, may be found in the circle of literary humanitarians, but is very little of a lion. His talents are destructive, and however necessary in the first stages of reform, they generally subject the owner to obloquy and hatred. As a man, he is feared, if not respected, but has too little of religious feeling to be popular with Christian reformers. There is one sad fact connected with him which I fain would hide if I could and tell the whole truth of him—he is ruining himself by indulgence in intoxicating liquors, or in other words, Douglas Jerrold is fast hastening to a drunkard's grave. A person intimate with him and his habits told me that for days together he was mad-drunk, and that he wrote many of his best things while under the influence of liquor. It may be that he has reformed—I sincerely hope that this may be true—but I fear not. Strong drink has been the ruin of many a great poet and statesman in Britain.

Mrs. Marsh, the authoress of "Emilia Wyndham," "Two Old Men's Tales," &c., &c., resides principally in the country, but may now and then be seen in the town society. She is a good looking matron, and looks very little like being an authoress.

Mrs. Trollope generally has so much to do with other folks' business, that England contains her but a small portion of the time—it is to be hoped that the poor woman will have the good sense ere long to stop her base slanders of foreign countries and study her own. She has a promising son who has published a work of fiction which has met with a cordial reception from the reading world, and indeed at the hands of the critics who perhaps wrote under the fear of his mother's venom.

Sergeant Talfourd has recently been appointed to a Justiceship with a salary of $50,000 a year, and every one is rejoiced. Although a lawyer he is a noble-hearted man and companion. He ranks very high among England's modern poets, and although his position as Judge entitles him to a place in the first circles, his literary reputation stands in need of no other props to give him one of the first positions in English society.

Samuel Warren, the most powerful and pathetic prosaist of the age, is a distinguished lawyer in town, and is loved and admired by all who know him. He glories in his profession, and is doing a great deal to make it respected. His early work, "The Diary of a Physician," one of the most powerful fictions ever written, met with a tremendous sale, and his "Ten Thousand a Year" and "Now and Then," have had an equal sale and popularity.

Montgomery, the religious poet, is still alive at Nottingham, but scarcely ever ventures into London circles, though his powers are yet strong and vigorous. I saw a letter of his, written during the last year to an intimate friend, which had all the life and buoyancy of a middle aged man.

Prof. Wilson, (old Kit North,) the brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, (and many others in and about London, whom I either now forget or have not time to mention,) are sometimes seen, but rarely in town.

Miss Eliza Cook resides just out of London, and writes (or has written) her best poems for a London weekly—"*The Dispatch*." She is now publishing "Eliza Cook's Journal," a weekly, advocating philanthropy, literature and good morals. She is *not* in this country, as many of the newspapers have reported.

All the persons to whom I have thus very briefly alluded, possess what is called in England "respectability"—a certain social position which is supposed to give character to a man—or at least smiles and fawning bows to him from the multitude! But there are many others who, though not great in genius and talents, yet are great in love and truth, and strong in works. These are such as perform the drudgery of literary toil—young men with ambition and hope, toiling on in the hope of better days coming. These are the sons of the poor and laboring classes who, with education, have stepped above their fathers' heads, and yet who still are beneath *the feet* of the "respectables." There is in London a very large number of such persons, talented, faithful, energetic, and yet crushed down into the very dust by a bitter prejudice,—not against color, but against labor and lowliness! Toiling on day after day, in the hope of a higher life by-and-bye, these creatures wear themselves out. They know very well that in England a native cannot secure a good position in society merely with goodness or a cultivated manner. There must be something more—an introduction by some one great, high birth or splendid talents, or wealth. And it is by this system that many a young genius has been utterly discouraged, and who, if treated with proper care, would have been an honor to the nation.—We know nothing of this feeling here. With us, talent comes from behind the plough; from the workshop. Here goodness is as much loved and respected in the laborer as in the priest. We are *all* laborers. Labor is respected and respectable. No one speaks of Whittier's shoemaking days as if they were a disgrace to him. And not only can great talents gain access to good society but to all. Any good and refined person, whatever his position, can gain access to our *last* society—not always that styled *fashionable*, though. But in England, the young poet in the workshop has the whole of refined society against him. He has no advantages. The blessings of refinement, intercourse with the great and good, with ladies of beauty and education, are shut away from him, and if he rises, he does it *against the whole world!* Yet, against every impediment, occasionally a Burns springs from behind the plough to astonish the world of refined great. But the tendency is to smother true genius, which is often modest and sensitive, and where one lives against the waves of popular prejudice, ten are strangled and perish.

The reason, the cause for all this—what is it? It is the inevitable result of an aristocratical, monarchical form of government.

☞ M. de Remmer, formerly a banker at Hamburgh, and who died lately at Naples, has left by will a sum of 100,000 francs, to be given to any person who shall discover a remedy for cholera. The execution of this legacy, should the case arise, is confided to the Academy of Medicine at Paris.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

A little work with the above title, has recently been published in England, and among other rules and laws laid down, is an account of the ceremonies to be performed on being presented to Her Majesty. It may be interesting to those who have no desire to get such a part.

"Advancing towards the Queen, the visitor hands the printed card which he has brought with him to the groom in waiting, who stands in the Throne room, not far from the door of entrance; the groom in waiting immediately passes the card to the lord in waiting, who stands still nearer the Queen, and by whom the name of the visitor and that of his friend, as well as the cause of the presentation, are audibly announced from the card to Her Majesty.

"Here it will be necessary to inform the reader on two points, which perhaps more than any other, give rise to inquiries. First, every hand in the Queen's presence must be *ungloved*. It would be a grievous breach of court etiquette to have covered hands. The subjects of a Persian monarch hide their hands, and take off their shoes; but in England every hand is bare—and of course clean!

"The second point is, that at levees, the person who presents a friend, does not accompany him, to the presence of the Queen. In obtaining the patronage of a distinguished friend, the visitor is not to expect his presence, at the moment of introduction to Her Majesty; nor is it even necessary that he should be present during any part of the levee. Quite the reverse. The visitor advances to Her Majesty alone; the name of his friend is all that he has to support him. At drawing-rooms a different practice is followed, for the lady who undertakes to introduce any one to Her Majesty, is always expected to be present during some portion of the reception; sometimes, though not always, she accompanies her *protege* to the presence of the Queen, and retires with her.—This difference is remarkable, and one, the difference of which often puzzles and annoys a stranger. It may likewise be well to mention here that no order of precedence is observed in presenting visitors to Her Majesty, except that of the *entree*.

"Assuming that the visitor at a levee has had his name, &c., announced to the Queen, and has reached Her Majesty, he must kneel down on his left knee, raise his right arm with the ungloved back of his hand uppermost, on which he receives the palm of Her Majesty's right hand; then he barely touches with his lips the back of that royal hand. If he wishes to be particularly absurd and vulgar, he will kiss the hand with a loud smack, and if he be very bashful or alarmed, he will merely bow down to the hand without the courage to touch it with his lips.

"Leaving the visitor to choose between these two errors, he must be reminded not to utter a word, but to rise from his knee, to bow to Her Majesty and then to Prince Albert, who always stands on Her Majesty's left hand; to go back out of the royal presence towards the opposite side of the room, according to the guidance of the watchful usher, and to depart to the right hand door, which, however, has now become the left hand to the retiring visitor. This leads him into the railed off corner of Queen Anne's Room, and into the *Entree* Corridor, by which route the general company retire."

WAGONS AND CARTS.

A farmer in England, named Edward B. Liddington, has produced a prize essay on the comparative merits of wagons and carts, which should arrest the attention of our farmers; for if he is right, our farmers, in general, are wrong. After five years' experience with wagons, and nearly the same with one horse carts, on a farm of one hundred and seventy acres of arable and eighty acres of pasture, he came to the conclusion that the carts were of the greatest advantage. As our farmers all use wagons, let them pay some attention to his statement. He says: "I have no light ploughed land, nor have I more than twenty or thirty acres of very heavy land. I will, therefore, relate my actual experience. In the employment of wagons and the old broad-wheeled dung-carts, I required one wagon, one cart, and three horses to every fifty acres of arable land. I also kept a light cart for general purposes. Now that I am employing carts, I find that I get through my work much more easily with two horses and two carts to fifty acres."

In the calculation of items, his saving was nearly four dollars on the cultivation of one acre, in the year. Again he says, it is admitted that one horse attached to a given weight, will move it more easily than two horses attached to double that weight. This arises not only from the advantage gained by having all the power of draught close to the work, but also all the power applied at the same moment, which is almost impossible where two or more horses, having different wills and steps, are attached to the weight; and for the same reason one horse will travel more quickly.

When a cart is filled there is no delay in attaching the trace-horses, during which operation one horse would be two hundred yards on the road. I know this might be done more quickly by having men ready to change the horses, as in the practice of opposition coaches, but I am speaking of the matter-of-fact working of the system. Then again, when the load is deposited, the one horse turns in much less time than the two or three. These facts are too self evident to admit of the contradiction; indeed, I believe the economy of carting manure with one horse carts is generally allowed, but the employment of them in harvesting is much objected to. In this respect, however, I find them equally expeditious and economical. My actual experience is, that three carts, with the harvest frames attached, will convey as much hay or corn in the straw as two wagons, and that they are bound with the ropes in the same time; therefore no time is lost in binding. They are easier to pitch into than wagons, and not more difficult to unload; and all the advantages are gained of speed in travelling.

My attention was first drawn seriously to the subject from hiring a man to draw some stones for draining. He came with a horse only fourteen hands high, and a small cart, when the work he accomplished so surprised me that I at once decided to try two light carts, which after succeeding well in all other operations, I employed in the harvest field; and being fully satisfied with them in this capacity, I soon discarded every wagon from the farm.

Clippings.

☞ Dr. J. F. Hassell, of Lexington, Missouri, receives one thousand dollars for inserting a set of artificial teeth for a lady in Santa Fe. He has gone there for that purpose.

☞ The truly brave are always merciful; and none but braggarts and brutes contend for flogging in the navy. John Paul Jones, Commodore Truxton, Commodore Rodgers, Commodore Hull, Commodore Charles Stewart, Lord Nelson, and Lord Collingwood, were all as brave men as the world ever witnessed, and all bore testimony to the inutility of flogging in the navy.

☞ A Hoosier editor gives a very good reason for want of editorial matter thus:—"A little 'circumstance' in our domestic affairs, which is not likely to occur oftener than once in a year or two, must apologize for any deficiency in the editorial department."

☞ It is announced that next year there is to be an art exhibition, on an unparalleled scale, in Hyde Park, London, to whom all the world is invited to send contributions. The prizes, some of which amount to £5,000, are to be distributed by the Queen herself. The Yankees must beat themselves.

☞ The Jews of Hungary are becoming baptised as Christians in great numbers, in order to escape Austrian taxation.

☞ When does a boy become his own mother's sister? When he is a truant (a true aunt.)

☞ "Don't, dear," said Mrs. Partington to a child playing with a powder horn, "don't touch the pesky thing, for it may go off, and then you'll get burnt as the poor little boy did that got blowed up by a pound of shot." What a touching instance of solicitude, and how well it illustrates her benevolence. Ah, here is one of *the* characters!

☞ A poet in the Keene Republican, celebrating the works of Dame Nature, has an idea which comes very near being original, if it be not quite so:

> "She next made woman—so the story goes—
> With an improved material and art;
> Gave her a form—the choicest one of those
> That make aught beautiful, and to her heart
> A power to soften man's—and forced the rose
> Its blushing tint to her soft cheeks impart—
> Then chopped the rainbow up, and with the chips,
> She went to work and finished off her lips!"

☞ There is in Oregon an immense mountain, called Mount Hood, whose summit has for ages been covered with perpetual snow. It is not known that the foot of man ever pressed its summit, but, remarked an Englishman, who has long resided in Oregon, and witnessed the successive immigration which comes over the mountains, and in view of the hazards, labor and toil, "Why, if these Americans only undertake it, they will make a road over the summit of Mount Hood!"

☞ Mr. Bancroft, our late Minister to England, has purchased a magnificent mansion in Gramercy Park, in the upper part of New York city.

☞ Pre-payment of postage is not required upon newspapers to California, *if sent from the office of publication.*

☞ M. Poussin, according to a Washington letter, had just furnished his house when the note of dismissal was received. The elegant new furniture was to be sold at auction.

☞ A letter from California says that a joiner, just arrived from the States, had been offered steady employment at five hundred dollars per month, *or six thousand dollars per year.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29, 1849.

REMARKS—The transactions during the past week have been to a limited extent. The foreign news by the America has had little or no effect upon the market. The demand for Cotton has been limited, but prices are firm. The Flour market is quiet, but holders are firm, in consequence of the small supplies coming in and the reduced stock offering. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses continue to attract considerable attention, and the late advance in prices has been fully maintained. The Money market is abundantly supplied with capital, and the Banks are liberal in their accommodations. Exchange on England rates from 109½ to 109¾.

The following are the principal exports to foreign ports during the past week:

Flour, bbls.	10,605	Wheat, bushels,	9,580
Rye Flour, bbls.	279	Corn, "	15,754
Corn Meal, "	3,022	Beef, bbls.	210
Biscuit, "	546	Pork, "	309

FLOUR AND MEAL—The export demand for Flour during the past week has been limited, but for city consumption it has been quite active, and, in most instances, holders have realised an improvement of 12½ cts in consequence of the small supplies coming in and the reduced stocks; sales of 4a5,000 barrels common brands for shipment at $5a5 12½—now held firmly at the latter rate—and for city consumption at $5,12½a5,31¼ per bbl for common and good brands, and $5,37½a5,62½ for choice and extra lots. Rye Flour has been in good demand, and 1,200 bbls sold at $3a3,06¼ per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of 3,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,06¼, and a small lot at $3,12½, now generally held at the latter rate.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 27th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	10,404
do.	half bbls	225
Rye Flour	bbls	741
Corn Meal		1,344

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat, and with moderate supplies, prices have undergone but little change; sales of 30,000 bushels ordinary and prime reds at $1,01a1,05, mixed $1,06a1,08, and white at $1,08a1,13 per bushel. Rye is scarce and wanted—sales of 1,000 bushels; Southern at 56, and Pennsylvania at 60c. Corn—Prices have declined; sales of 25,000 bushels yellow at 65, 64a63c—closing at the latter—and some white heated at 60a62c per 56 lbs. Oats are in good demand, and 8a10,000 bushels sold at 28a31 for South, and 32c per bushel for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork continues limited, and prices are rather drooping. Small sales of Mess at $10,25a10,37½ on time; prime is held at $9,12½a9,25. Small sales of city packed Mess Beef for ship stores at $13,50a14 per bbl. The demand for Bacon is limited, and the stock too small to admit of any extensive transactions. Small sales of city smoked and Western fancy canvassed Hams at 9a12c; Sides 6¼a6½, and Shoulders 5¼a5½c. Lard is in limited demand, and the sales are only in small lots at 7a7½c in bbls and kegs. 300 bbls poor quality sold at 6½c. Butter—Sales of old at 9a9½, and new at 10c per lb. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been a good demand for Brown and Bleached Cotton Goods, and the market has been nearly cleared at a further advance of ½c per yard. Woollen Goods are also attracting more attention, and prices are steadily maintained.

BARK—Supplies of Quercitron continue to come in slowly, and it is wanted; sales of 60 hhds No. 1 at $35 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is in limited demand; the last sale of good yellow was at 21c per lb.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 36, and Tallow at 10a11c per lb for Dipped and Mould.

COAL—The demand for shipment continues limited, but prices are steady at $4,75 for Schuylkill White Ash, $4,10 for Red Ash, and $3,75a4,87½ for Lehigh Lump and Prepared. There is a good demand for Bituminous Coal, and several cargoes have been sold at 16a17c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been an active demand, and prices have further advanced. Sales of 5,000 bags, principally Rio, at 8¼a8½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—The demand is limited, and the sales are confined to small lots at previous rates.

COTTON—The market has been rather quiet during the past week. The demand has been limited, as some of the mills in the country are not running half time in consequence of the want of water in the streams. The stock on sale continues exceedingly light, and prices are well maintained; sales of 900 bales Upland, Tennessee and New Orleans at 10½a12½c per lb. The foreign news has had no effect upon the market.

FEATHERS—Are scarce; small sales of good Western at 34c per lb.

FISH—The supplies of Mackerel continues large, but the dealers have purchased freely, taking some 2,000 bbls from the wharf on private terms; from store, moderate sales of No. 1 at $11,25a11,50, No. 2 at $6,50a6,75, and No. 3 at $4,25a4,50 for Massachusetts inspection, and $4 for Halifax—at the close prices are rather unsettled.

GUANO—Is in fair demand; a sale of Patagonian sold to leave the market at $32 per ton; sales in lots at $35a36, and Peruvian at $47a48.

HEMP—The market continues very quiet. Sales of 100 bales Dew Rotted at about $120 per ton, on time.

HIDES—An import of 5,200 Gambia Hides, which arrived at the close of last week, has been disposed of at about 11c per lb 6 mos.

HOPS—Are in limited request. Small sales of new Eastern at 14a15c per lb—old are worth 8a9c.

INDIGO—There has been rather more inquiry, and prices are firm; sales of 25 ceroons Guatimala and Bengal at 70c to $1,05 per lb, on time.

LEAD—The market continues very quiet; 1,000 pigs sold at $4,65 per 100 pounds cash.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for both Slaughter and Spanish Sole Leather, and it is taken on arrival at full prices.

LUMBER—The sales have been to a moderate extent, without any material change in prices.

MOLASSES—There has been a fair demand, and prices are fully sustained; a cargo of 270 hhds Cardenas sold at 23 cts; 250 bbls Sugar House and Porto Rico at 25a30, and 150 bbls New Orleans at 27a29c.

NAVAL STORES—There is more inquiry for Rosin and 1,500a2,000 bbls have been taken at $1,30a1,70 per bbl. Tar and Pitch are scarce. We quote the former at $2,50 and the latter at $1,37½a1,50. Small sales of Spirits Turpentine at 36a37c, cash and on time.

OILS—There is a fair demand for Fish Oils, and prices are nearly stationary. Sales of Crude Whale at 47a48c, and Spring and Winter Sperm at $1,20a1,30 in casks and bbls. Linseed Oil is very scarce, and prices have materially advanced. Sales in lots at 93a95c per gallon. In Lard Oil, no change.

PLASTER—Is in fair demand. Several cargoes of Soft sold at $2a2 12½ per ton.

RICE—Is but little inquired after. Small sales at 3½a3¾c per lb.

SALT—Two imports, about 4,000 sacks Liverpool ground and fine Salt, and a cargo of Bonaire sold on terms kept private; 10,000 bags Dairy at 10c per bag.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed, and upwards of 3,000 bushels fair and prime fresh seed sold at $4,25, measure, and $4,37½a4,50 weight. Timothy is in moderate demand at $2,25 to 2,75 per bushel. Flaxseed is scarce and worth $1,45, which is an advance.

SPICES—Sales of 10,000 lbs African Pepper and Ginger on private terms.

SPIRITS—There is a good demand for Brandy, and prices are well maintained. N. E. Rum is dull, and sells in small lots, at 29c. Whiskey has advanced to 28a29c in bbls, and 27½a28c in hhds.

SUGAR—There has been an active demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 1,600 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5a5¾c; some white Brazil at 6¾a7c; and 500 boxes Cuba at 5¼a7½c per lb, on time. The stock in first hands is now much reduced, and part of it held for a further advance.

TALLOW—Is in moderate demand; sales of City Rendered at 8a8½c per lb.

TEAS—The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent, at full prices.

TOBACCO—There is a good demand for Leaf Tobacco, and the stock is much reduced. Sales of Maryland and Kentucky at 3½a7c per lb.

WINES—Market quiet, and the only transactions reported are small lots of Sweet Malaga at 38a40c. A small catalogue was offered by auction on Tuesday but only the samples were disposed of.

WOOL—The stock of Wool continues very small and with a moderate demand and limited supplies, prices are fully sustained. Sales of 90,000 lbs common to full blood at 29a40c per lb, cash and on time.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are inactive, and the rates are nominal. To Southern ports there is rather more offering, but the rates continue to rule low. Colliers are in limited demand at $1 12½ per ton to Boston, $1a1,05 to Rhode Island, and 95c to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	106½	107¼	Mechanics'	27	27½
" '62	109	110¼	Southwark	70	80
" '67	110¼	111	Kensington	62	63
" '68	111	111¼	P Township	29½	30
" 5s '53	100	100½	Girard	12½	13
Int due 1 July off			Western	60	61
" 5s '51	95	—	Man & Mechs	25½	26
U S Tr N 6s	100¼	100½	Bk of Com	51	52
" 1 mill	108	—	Camden N J	51	—
Philada 6s	104	104½	Germantown	56	—
" 5s	[illegible]	—	Trenton Bkg Co	32	—
" " Gas	[illegible]	—	Pittsburg Bank	50	—
County 5s	86½	89	M & M Pitts	49½	50
Penna 6s	99¾	100	Exchange, Pitts	47	48
" 5s	89½	89¾	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	103	104	Louisville, Ky	96	98
Tennessee 5s	85	86	Kentucky Bk	101	101½
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	106	—
Cincinnati 6s	95	96	Union, Tenn	50	50½
Texas T Notes	10	12	Planters, Tenn	32	—
" bds	—	—	Vicksburg	15	16½
Schuyl N 6s	49	49½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int	56	—	N O Gas Bk	112	112½
Lehigh N 6s	66¼	67	Schuyl Nav	18	20
" Int l'a	55	57	Lehigh Nav	26½	27¼
" Mor. 6s	93	95	C & Del Cl	79	80
C & Del Cl 6s	90	90½	Morris Cl	7½	8
C & Am R bds	95¼	97	Penn & Ohio Cl	28	32
Bea Md'w R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	10½	10¾
Susque'a Cl 6s	52	55	Cam & Am R	122½	123
Norris'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	36½	37
Harris'urg R 6s	92	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	21½
Wil R 6s	88½	88¾	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read'g R 6s	57½	58	North Am Cl	—	12
" Mort 6s	63¼	63½	Susqueh Cl	10	11
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Norristown R	23	24
U S Bk Share	2¼	2½	Harrisburg R	49½	50
N Amer Bk	129	130	Wilmington R	27½	28
Penna Bk	108½	109	Reading R	16½	16¾
Philadelphia	131	132	Minehill R	65	67
Far & Mec	61½	62½	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Commercial	57	57½	Flem Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	N J Copper	—	—

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

☞ One of the publishers of the New York Recorder has received a letter from Dr. Judson, dated June 20th, in which he speaks of Mrs. Judson's health as so infirm as to require her to lay aside her pen for the present, and of the possibility that she may never resume it again for the purpose of authorship.

☞ A paper in Canada that publishes births, heads them "New Arrivals."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Since Lord Brougham's openly expressed approval, in the House of Lords, of the practice of smuggling, considerable attention has been attracted to his moral character. The following paragraph embodies Mr. S. T. Coleridge's opinion of him, and a little anecdote upon which that opinion was to a considerable degree founded.

I recollect meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr. Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then aspirants for political adventures. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanor evidence of that straight-forward and generous frankness which characterized him through life. You saw, or rather you felt, that you could rely upon *his* integrity. His mind was better fitted to reconcile discrepancies, and to discover analogies. He had fine, nay, even high, talent rather than genius. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary, had an apparent restlessness, a consciousness, not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head; you were never sure of him—you always doubted his sincerity. He was at that time a hanger-on upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner being under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne.—From that time I lost sight of Mr. Brougham for some time. When we next met, the subject of the Parliamentary debates was alluded to, previously to which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter at that time of great public interest. I said, "I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived." "Oh," said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, "*Oh, it was very true I said so in Parliament, where there is a party, but we know better.*" *I said nothing; but I did not forget it.*

THE POUSSIN DIFFICULTY.

Accounts from Washington City state that, through the interposition of her Britannic Majesty's representative, Mr. Crampton, M. Poussin, the dismissed French Minister, recently submitted a conciliatory proposition to our Government.

To this proposal, General Taylor replied, by promptly refusing his consent to M. Poussin's resuming his official intercourse with our Government, until he is further advised from the French Government.

Accidental Discharge of Fire Arms.—A correspondent of the "Sun," of this city, communicates the following suggestions, which appear to us worthy of consideration:

Allow me, through your paper, to say a few words to my gunning friends. We often hear of serious accidents and deaths from the accidental discharge of guns. For every instance which has come under my notice, I could trace to one cause, namely, letting the hammer rest upon the cap while the gun is loaded. The danger is in the hammer catching against something while the gun is pulled forward; before the hammer is raised to half cock, it slips off and strikes with the whole force upon, and explodes the cap; and should the gun fall, and strike upon the hammer, especially if it hit upon any thing hard, it will often explode the cap. I have known two persons shot by the gun slipping down upon the floor; in one instance the whole wad entered about the pit of the stomach. While the hammer is thus down, the cap can be exploded by a sufficient blow, whether accidental or otherwise. In this way nine-tenths of all the accidents of persons being shot occurs; it is from this cause that accidents occur in the woods; the hammer is caught by a limb, and raised from the cap, and as soon as it slips off, the cap is exploded. There is but one way to keep a gun safe, when loaded; that is, always keep it half cocked, then there is no danger; with an ordinary lock, let any one try, and they will find it impossible to get the hammer to strike the cap; pull the hammer as they will, they will find it stop at half cock, or it will catch at whole cock; the tumbler will not pass if the trigger is not pulled sufficient to hold the by hard catch from it.

When a gun is loaded, caps should always be left upon the tubes, and left half cocked; no one will then snap a gun who has any regard for what he is doing.

A Strange Story.

MEN WITH TAILS.

If the following did not appear in the "Journal of Commerce," a paper believed to be above the contemptible folly of hoaxing, we should be inclined to designate it at once as the most transparent kind of a humbug. But it does appear in said Journal, as a portion of its Paris Correspondence—and we give it for what it is worth:—

In a former letter, I mentioned to you that Col. Du Couret, who had already penetrated far in Africa, was about to set out on a new and extensive exploration of five years, under the special auspices of the French Government, and at the charge of the treasury. The Minister of Public Instruction asked of the Academy of Sciences some instructions for him, which was read at the sitting of the 20th inst. At the same time the Colonel addressed to the Academy a notice of the race of the Ghilanes inhabiting the interior of Africa, and renowned among the neighboring tribes as *caudated* or having tails. The matter is so curious that I have caused to be translated for you what has been published about it, by one of the scientific reporters. Lord Monboddo will not have erred so much in his primitive stock.

FROM THE SCIENTIFIC REPORT.

There exists a race of men who, according to the report of certain travellers, are originally from the kingdom of Gondar, or of others, who say they inhabit Soudan in the South, whose zoological characteristics are remarkable. They have a tail-like appendage, formed by the elongation of the vertebral column, and they are the last link in the human race. The slave merchants cannot dispose of them without great difficulty; so bad is their reputation. The traits which distinguish them are hideous ugliness of face and figure, ungovernable tempers, and stolid intellect. Some of this race are to be found, also, in the Phillippine Islands, but they were, doubtless, carried thither by the slave merchants. However this may be, when a Levantine is looking out for slaves in the East, he is always warned not to purchase one who has a tail; he is told—"Of all slaves this is the least profitable." This race of men is very far behind that of which Fourier dreamed, and which was, some day, to become the type of manly beauty, morally and physically.

M. Du Couret, who was in Mecca in the year 1842, saw an individual of the species we have just mentioned, and belonging, he was told, to the breed of Ghilanese in the South. Though it be not the first time that we have heard the race of men spoken of, who are furnished with tails, nevertheless the fact is not sufficiently common to take away its interest. We will, therefore, enter somewhat in detail upon this strange organic manifestation. "I inhabited Mecca in 1842," says M. Du Couret, "and being often at the house of an Emir, with whom I was intimate, I spoke to him of the Ghilane race, and told him how much the Europeans doubted of the existence of men with tails, that is to say, the vertebral column elongated externally. In order to convince me of the reality of the species, the Emir ordered before me one of his slaves called *Bellal*, who was about thirty years old, *who had a tail*, and who belonged to this tribe. On surveying this man, I was thoroughly convinced. He spoke Arabic well, and appeared rather intelligent. He told me that in his country, far beyond the Sennar, which he had crossed, they spoke a different language; this, for want of practice, he had entirely forgotten; that of his compatriots, whom be estimated at 30,000 or 40,000, some worshipped the sun, the moon, or stars; others the serpent and the sources of an immense river, in which they immolated their victims—(probably the springs of the Nile;) that they ate with delight raw flesh, as bloody as possible, and that they loved human flesh above all things, that after their battles with the neighboring tribes, they slaughtered and devoured their prisoners without distinction of age or sex; but that the women and children were preferable, the flesh being more delicate. This Ghilane had become a devout Mussulman, and had lived fifteen years in the Holy City. The fondness, the necessity even, for raw flesh (it really was a want for him) did not fail to return upon him; and his master, therefore, by a precaution, never failed when this fit was on him, to provide him with an enormous piece of raw mutton, which he consumed ravenously before everybody present. This eager desire for raw flesh showed itself periodically; sometimes twice a week. Being asked why he did not try to correct such a habit, he answered with great frankness: 'I have often tried to overcome this appetite, which I received from my father and mother. In my country, great and small, young and old, live in this manner, beside eating fish, fruits and vegetables. If my master neglected to supply this requirement of my nature, I am sure I could not resist the desire which possesses me of devouring something, and I should cause great sorrow by falling on some person too weak to contend with me, an infant, for example.' Having asked him to allow me to see him naked (for I wished to sketch him,) he resisted for a long time, but finally yielded, on receiving the promise of an entirely new dress, which I was to send him. He came privately to my house, where he took off the scanty shirt of coarse blue linen which he wore. I was thus enabled to contemplate him quite at my ease, and to paint his portrait without exposing him to the punishment which would have been inflicted on him, if he had been detected by his fanatical and superstitious master." The drawing made under these circumstances has been placed under the eyes of the Academy.

Here are some extracts from the description given by M. Du Couret, of the Ghilanes: "The Ghilanes are a peculiar race of negro, which have a strong resemblance to the monkey; much smaller than the usual race—they are rarely more than five feet high. They are commonly ill made; their bodies are lean and seem weak; their arms long and slim; their hands and feet are longer and flatter than those of any other of the human species; their cheeks project, and their forehead is low and receding; their ears are long and deformed; their eyes are small, black, piercing and twinkle constantly: their noses are large and flat: their mouth wide, and furnished with teeth very sharp, strong and of dazzling whiteness; their lips are full and thick; their hair curled, but not very woolly, not thick, and remains short. But what particularly distinguishes them is the prolongation of the vertebral column. This gives to each individual, male and female, a tail of two or three inches long.

Finally, here is the portrait of Bellal, the name of the personage the author encountered at Mecca:

"He was thin and dry but nervous and strong. His skin was black-bronzed, shining, soft to the touch like velvet. His feet were long and flat; his arms and legs appeared feeble, but well supplied with muscles. His ribs could easily be counted. His face was repulsively ugly. His mouth was enormous, his lips thick, his teeth strong, sharp and very white; his nose broad and flat; his ears long and deformed; his forehead low and very receding; his hair not very woolly nor thick, but nevertheless curly. He had no beard, and his body was not hardy. He was very active and handy. His height was about five feet. His tail was more *than three inches long*, and almost as flexible as that of a monkey. His disposition, setting aside the oddity of his tastes and habits, was good, and his fidelity was above all praise."

The Gold Region.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, tells the following anecdote:

Our living here at present is very good, though not quite so cheap as we desire it. We have plenty of fine beef, pork, veal, and mutton, some fish, and plenty of most excellent potatoes. Eggs and chicken fixings are rather scarce, and more costly. Boarding $3 per day, and room rent from $100 to $150 per month.

I was very much amused in a restaurant a few days since, at a stout, able-bodied fellow, who had just arrived from "the States," across the mountains. He was dressed in buckskin breeches, cloth pea jacket, worn out fashionable vest, buttoned up to the chin, a slouched hat and a red shirt none the better for some two months' wear. He walked into the room with an air of confidence, seated himself at one of the little tables in a style and manner that showed that he was not an entire stranger to the good things of this world, which are sometimes found at a restaurant. Thus seated, he slapped his hand on the table and cried out,

"Waiter, bring me something to eat."

"Yes, sah, yes, sah," cried a little Frenchman, "vat you vil hav for eat?"

"Eggs, got any eggs, mutton chop, beef steak? beef is good in this country; veal cutlets, eh?"

"Yes, sah, yes, sah, got him all. You vil have you eggs boil, fry or de omulette?"

"Half-a-dozen boiled, with all the fixings and a bottle of wine," replied our friend, in a stentorian voice, that attracted the attention of all the persons present.

Away went the little Frenchman with "yes, sah," thinking, no doubt, he had got a first-rate customer, just from the mines, with his pockets filed with dust. In due time came a breakfast that would have served three men at least under ordinary circumstances. Ample justice was done to it, fully confirming our first opinion, that the new visiter had wanted a breakfast more than once on his route. After he finished he straightened himself up as if to make all possible room for crowding, and demanded what the bill was.

The Frenchman was in apparent ecstacies, looking over the table, and repeating, eggs, beef steak, mutton chop, veal cutlet—ah, yes, de vine, then summed as a sort of guess-work, "thirteen dollars, sah!"

The stranger seemed quite astounded at this last announcement, and inquired,

"What do you say, thirteen dollars?"

"Yes, *my friend*," said the Frenchman, "thirteen dollars."

"You don't call me your friend," replied the other, "do you?"

"Oh, yes, sah, I call all de people my friend, who eat de good breakfast and pay for him."

"But you are joking about charging thirteen dollars?"

At this remark the man of the restaurant became somewhat indignant, looking all the characteristics of a man of his position, being proprietor of the principal restaurant, and said,

"Yes, sah, thirteen dollars. You no eat de egg fetch from Oregon, de beef from cross de bay, de good mutton Baron Steinberger butcher for my house, de veal cutlet, de best wine I have;—you no eat de best breakfast—ah! de very best?"

At this announcement the stranger raised himself up quite coolly, and said,

"Well, I have eaten a good breakfast, and that is a fact."

Running his hand into his buckskins, he pulled out four dollars and seventy-five cents, looking the Frenchman steadily in the face for a moment or two—nothing escaping the lips of either. He then leisurely pulled off his pea-jacket and laid it on the table—Frenchman still looking on without talking. The stranger then off with his seedy vest, and laid it across the coat. No reply being made to this, off came the red shirt, and followed the coat and vest, leaving him with a dirty, half-worn flannel one. Things now became exceedingly interesting. The restaurant man, evidently a little frightened, looked first at one and then at another, as much as to say, "Is he going to shoot?" The only response to his looks from the lookers-on appeared to be, "Don't care much if he does." However, fortunately for the Frenchman, he broke the silence by saying,

"Look here, stranger, I'll be darned if you mustn't trust me for the balance until I come down from the mines, when I'll pay you."

And so saying, he stalked out of the room with the same confidential "fight or drink" air that he came in with. After our laugh, we followed him, to inform him that if he would eat a dinner he should not be troubled about the pay, but the last we saw of him he was striding towards the bay, where the river boats lay at anchor. It is currently reported since, that when a man from over the mountains stops at the restaurant, the Frenchman has not got any eggs.

Miscellaneous.

THE HEMP REVOLUTION.

Considerable attention has been excited by the Maysville establishment for manufacturing hemp without rotting. Frequent attempts before have failed, on account of inefficient machinery, and especially on account of the great liability of this kind of hemp to most offensive putrefaction and speedy decay. Now these difficulties seem to be entirely overcome. The hemp is broken out and cleaned without making tow or waste, and the product is carried through a chemical process called *kyanising*, by which it is rendered indestructible from ordinary exposure to weather. This kyanized rope is said to be superior to the Manilla for river purposes, being stronger, more flexible, more durable, wearing smoother, and being more pleasant for boatmen to handle. At the same time, it must be admitted, that before it is used, it does not look as well as Manilla, and there is no other cordage in the world that does. It is said to improve in appearance, however, by wear, while the Manilla *frays down* and wears rough.—Here, then, is a use American hemp is applied to, which heretofore required a foreign article. The kyanized rope, and kyanized bagging, too, must probably come into use in covering cotton bales. The dew-rotted rope and bagging gives way too soon by the exposure which a great deal of the cotton is subjected to, and it arrives at its place of destination in bad order, the rope being often broken and the bagging torn off by the cotton hooks. We understand that a company is about being formed in Mason county, to manufacture bale rope and bagging in this way. We have watched this hemp movement with great interest since its commencement. We know something of its history and of the men engaged in it, and we think the enterprise must succeed. It has succeeded, as its projectors assure us, and we incline to believe them, from the evidence furnished. It constitutes an important epoch in the history of hemp culture and manufacture in this country.

It is stated that hemp can be worked up into rope and bagging so economically and perfectly, as to render it certain that the usual manner of working it cannot be much longer used,—that rope and bagging can be made cheaper in this way than by the usual mode. There is one very material difficulty in the way of so great a change in the manner of working hemp, and that is the great expense that is necessary to fit up an establishment that will pay, requiring a series of newly-invented machinery and processes, driven by powerful engines, and requiring investments of capital similar in amounts to those used in the cotton manufacture. However, when sufficient demonstration can be made to capitalists, that the business is profitable, establishments enough may be set in operation in a few years to supply all the river cordage, bale rope, and bagging that may be wanted. The Navy, too, will probably ere long be supplied with this kind of cordage. It is said to take tar remarkably well, remaining much more flexible, and for a longer time, than rope made of any other kind of hemp; while for *running rigging* it is the very article wanted—a desideratum.—*Louisville Journal.*

THINGS IN FRANCE.

BY THE LATE HENRY COLMAN.

In one of Mr. Colman's letters from Paris, written a few days before the late Republican Revolution, he speaks of M. Coquerel, the celebrated French Protestant, a professed Universalist. He also speaks of another brother clergyman, and in that connexion gives us some idea of religion in France. Mr. Colman is an American—a Unitarian—and a great admirer of England and the English, having been much caressed by the nobility and gentry of that Queendom. We write off below an extract from his letter:

"I sometimes attend the Oratoire, to hear M. Coquerel, who is reputed to be the most eloquent man in Paris—at least by the Protestants. I admit and admire his eloquence. He is said to have studied under Talma; but he is *too* eloquent for me; there is too much of art and display about him; this is not to my taste in the pulpit. The other minister here whom I like, is a simple, unpretending man; full of his subject; overpowered by his own convictions of truth and its importance; forgetting himself entirely; and evidently having no other object, than to communicate to your mind and heart the impressions which rest on his. You are enlightened, convinced, warmed, persuaded; but in all this you have not one thought whether he is a man of genius, whom you have been listening to, or whether he is an eloquent man; you have not thought of the man at all, but only of what he has said. This gentleman differs from me entirely on many matters of faith and opinion. I heard him preach, the other day, upon a subject, in which, it might be said, our views were wholly opposite in the main; but I scarcely ever in my life listened to a sermon with more interest, pleasure, and, I may say, effect; for the perfect sincerity of his manner, and the elevation and grandeur of his views, actually overcame me to tears more than once, almost compelled me to rise from my seat.

"The French preaching is wholly different from the English, and, in my opinion, immeasurably superior. In general, the preaching in England is very dull, especially in the Established Church; it is formal, cold, uninstructive, and seems to have but two objects: one, to fill up the fifteen or twenty minutes' interval in the service; and the other to persuade the people that the Church is *the* Church, the whole Church, and nothing but the Church; and they must stand at their posts to keep it up and defend it against heretics and what they call infidels. I think they need not take all this trouble, for it is in vain, and *the* Church is in a fair way to tumble about their ears. A few more quarrels among the Bishops, and a few more prosecutions in Courts of Law, and the fabric will be shaken. The French, on the other hand, are full of life; preach practical as well as doctrinal sermons; never use any notes, or, at least, never *read* their sermons; and throw themselves entirely into their subject. I wish many of our young men could study in their schools."

In another letter, Mr. Colman does justice to the French character in general. He is a disinterested observer, a candid man, and with no prejudices to gratify,—certainly, none *in favor* of the French. He says:

"In sobriety, industry and frugality, the French seem to me to excel all others. I make no exception. I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to church-going, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them, and in no places of religious worship have I seen more attention, more decorum, or more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches, too, are free. You may make some contribution at the door if you choose, but nothing is demanded. In the Protestant Churches, the congregations are all seated in chairs, and there is no distinction in seats, so that a gentleman or lady of the highest rank will be found seated along side of the most humble laborer, who goes in his frock, or, if a woman, in her cap. In the Catholic Churches a large portion of the church is always free, but by giving two sous or cents to the attendant, she will give you a chair, and she will take no more than that, so that if you give her more, she will return the change."

We think there is something in the above that may be exhibited as a model to the *republican* churches in America. Of course, in England, *the* Church would scorn that French equality and delicacy as to taking fees, as decidedly infidel. Mr. Colman continues:

"As to domestic attachments in France, I believe there is a full share of fidelity and domestic comfort; and wherever I have been admitted into their sanctums (and in no country is it more difficult to get into their home retreats,) nothing can be more charming, and nothing more affectionate.

"A very well informed and respectable American gentleman of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty-five years, in Paris and in the country, says, he does not believe there is in any country more conjugal fidelity or stronger domestic affections; and that, in this respect, the French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been intimate in French society for seven years, and he emphatically confirms this statement.

"I was told in England, before I came to Paris, that I should be constantly cheated; but I have never been cheated at all. I was told that when I went into their shops, I must always beat down their prices, at least one-half. I soon gave up the attempt, for I found it wholly useless, and never knew people so stiff and unyielding as they are in their prices. My tailor, my shoemaker, my hatter, and my shirt-maker, have always used me in the best possible manner; and in some cases, where they have had opportunities of taking advantage of me, they have shown no inclination to do so; and would, I believe, have indignantly spurned the thought."

IMPROVEMENT IN MAKING FLOUR.

Mr. D. P. Bonall, of Tecumseh, Michigan, has recently made an improvement in the process of manufacturing Flour, which is claimed to be valuable. The Indiana State Journal publishes the following extracts from a letter written by Mr. B. in reply to inquiries made of him in reference to the improvement:

My "improved process of milling" consists in separating the starch part of the wheat from the glutinous matter, and submitting the latter to a second grinding. The way it is effected is by placing an auxiliary run of stones so as to receive the entire body of the "offal," on its passage from the upper or first merchant bolts. The stones are fitted to run from 300 to 400 revolutions per minute, and the feeding of the stuffs made uniform and perfect by a very simple combination of machinery.

After the "offal" is thus ground, or severely scoured, it is then passed into the lower bolts, or dusters, when the flour is taken out and sent to the "cooler," or first bolts, to be uniformly mixed in regular proportions, with the superfine flour, and the remainder separated for feeds.

The advantage obtained by this mode of grinding, is as follows—First, it enables the miller to grind light, or coarse, at the first grinding, and thus avoid injury to the "starchy" portion of the wheat, and ensures free, good bolting, which is not always the case, when attempting to grind the starch and "glutin" contained in the grain to the same consistency by one process, as the starch, which pulverizes easy, is apt to be too fine, and stick to the bolts, or else the "farina" is too coarse and goes to middlings, or adheres to the bran and is lost.

Second: It enables the miller to grind wet or damp wheat better than by any other mode, as the first grinding, which is high and free, warms the wheat, whereby elevating, cooling, airing and bathing, the moisture is principally evaporated, and the "offal" is partially kiln-dried, when, by submitting it to the quick grinding, or scouring process, the flour is almost entirely "whipped out" and put into the superfine barrel.

Third: It catches all the broken particles of grain that escape the first grinding, by stopping and starting, or from other causes, and equalizes the grinding, when any variations occur in the first mills or grinding.

Fourthly: It adds to the superfine flour that which was formerly "fine," and thus saves the loss on sales in market.

Fifthly: It saves grinding middlings, as the whole middling process is done by one continuous operation, with a great saving of labor as well as time.

Sixthly: It enables the miller to make his barrel of superfine flour from four bushels of wheat that will weigh 60 lbs. to the bushel, and the flour is much better, as it contains much more of the "farina" of the wheat, or glutinous matter, and will yield more good bread from a given quantity of flour. Flour ground on this process is now selling in Buffalo as a superior brand.

The double grinding evaporates more of the moisture, and has a tendency to preserve the flour longer from souring.

These are the principal and distinguishing characteristics of my "improvement," and if time permitted, I would write you more specific and in detail. The aggregate saving made by it will be somewhere from 15 to 25 lbs. of wheat on each barrel of flour. It is simple and durable, and all the economies it combines and principles it involves, are well understood by all common sense minds, and must be appreciated.

☞ The French Government, it is said, have sent to Rome an imperative order for the release of the famous Dr. Achilli, who was thrown into dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome, on the restoration of the Cardinals to power.

General News.

The Manufacture of Sugar.—We have had occasion twice to speak of a new process invented by M. Melsens, a Belgian Chemist, by which, he asserted, he was able not only to greatly simplify the manufacture, but also, from a given amount of cane or beet root, to produce a much greater amount of sugar—thirty-three per cent., we believe—than by the old methods. We find in the Courrier des Etats Unis of yesterday, an extract from the scientific bulletin of the Paris National, in which an analysis of the improvement is given and the conclusion arrived at that it is a valuable invention, and that the experiments on a large scale in Belgium and France, have resulted in the perfect production of sugar without the use of lime or animal charcoal.

On the other hand, a journal published at Anvers says that the process does not do away with any thing previously in use—that during the operation a sulphurous odor is exhaled most offensive to the laborers, and that this odor remains in the sugar. Thus, it would seem, there is a radical difference of opinion; but the analysis of the process, as given by the National, appears to proceed on correct grounds, at least towards its conclusions, and is backed by actual experiments, while the account given by the Anvers Journal is merely assertion.

Navigating the Air.—Mr. Penington, the original projector of a flying machine to navigate the air, which has been noticed by us before, has returned from the Far West, where he has been making some experiments on the great prairies. The Baltimore Sun regrets to say that he has not been sufficiently successful to enable him to come back in his own carriage. He is, however, sanguine of fully succeeding, eventually, in making a voyage to California, or even to Europe, in his car through the air.

A large machine of this kind is now building near this city, by Mr. Robjohn. The canvass is all ready, and is about 66 yards in length, and 50 in diameter. It is to be propelled by two oscilating five-horse-power engines, which are already provided and secured in the car. They occupy a very small space, and are well made. They are to propel the huge gaseous monster by fan wheels, we believe. We wait in calm contemplation the mighty results of this enterprise. We can say this much about it, that the workmanship will be well executed. The projector has at least great courage, and deserves success—in any other department he would attain it.

Remarkable Case of Accumulation.—An illustration of what a little money will become in time, if put out on interest, and properly taken care of, is afforded by an incident related to us yesterday by an old resident. He stated that about fifty years ago a bequest of $10,000 was left to an idiot on Long Island. He was then in his infancy, and is, consequently, now but little over fifty years of age. Soon after his father's decease, three respectable inhabitants of this city, all of whom are yet living, were appointed trustees for the care of the bequest, with authority to appropriate $500 annually for the idiot's maintenance, which was accordingly done. This left at first but a small accumulation, but latterly the increase has been rapid, and the principal now amounts to over $100,000. Should the party live twenty years longer, as is not improbable, he will die worth a quarter of million of dollars. Pretty well for a fool.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

Science Turned Criminal.—Perhaps one of the most original and marked signs of the times, says the London Patent Journal, is an application of science to crime—whether it be for the commission or the detection of it. The anæsthetic properties of chloroform have been already adapted to the art of burglary—some housebreakers having recently availed themselves of it as a means of stupifying an old lady into whose house they had entered. The precipitation of metals by the electrotype, had been used to cast leaden casts of pennies with apellicle of copper, while the ingenious process of anastatic printing, or of producing one engraved impression from another, has, within the last month, been applied to the indefinite multiplication of bank notes,—and that with such consummate success, it is said, that the ink or the signature alone enables the bank authorities themselves to distinguish the forgery from the original.

Race Between a Man and a Mare.—A late London paper states that Seward, (probably Stannard, the great American runner, and the champion of pedestrianism in England,) undertook, at Liverpool, for a wager of £20, to run one hundred and twenty yards and leap over eight hurdles, against Mr. Harward's mare, "Black Bess," now performing at the Queen's Theatre there. The novelty of the match drew together an immense concourse of spectators, and a good deal of betting took place, the odds being laid upon the mare. At 4 o'clock Mr. Seward appeared upon the field, attired in a suit of white linen or cotton, and presented a singular contrast to the jet-black appearance of the mare. He, however, was side by side with the animal at the last hurdle but one, where he fell back a little, and the mare went over a winner, but only by half a length.

Ohio Friends.—"*Henry Janney*" writes as follows to the "National Intelligencer:"

"I think an error occurs in the Intelligencer of the 18th instant, the substance of which has been copied into several papers, the article says:

"'A serious division appears to have taken place in the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, and that an excitement unusual, &c., had prevailed during its sittings.'

"During two days there was an animated discussion, occasioned by the introduction of the subject of reform, and at the conclusion of the meeting, which lasted five days, a proposition was made by some members to hold a reform meeting, which was done; but no separate organization was effected; the members coming to the conclusion that they were not prepared for separation."

Machine for Opening Oysters.—The editor of the Evening Post, now travelling in Europe, says that the old-fashioned way of rapping the shell of an oyster, forcing a knife into the body of the unfortunate animal, and fetching him to light with a "How many, sir?" has been superseded in Paris by a machine. "Mr. Baudon, with his *ecailleres*, reforms the barbarities altogether. The oyster is laid over so gently in a groove—the screw is turned once, twice—*le voila* the unconscious oyster is before you blinded by the light, without a gaping wound. There is no series of raps to warn the oyster of his doom—no portion of the castle is breached; but the vice is turned, the valves fly apart, and, blinded and bewildered, the live oyster is consigned to tickle your palate with his dying agonies."

Gutta Percha Solutions.—Gutta Percha readily dissolves in a solution of chloroform without the aid of heat. The solution thus formed makes a capital varnish, for if it is brushed on any object, the chloroform evaporates with great rapidity, and leaves a thin skin of the Gutta Percha, which thus acts as a preservative against the influence of water and air. It is therefore excellent as a plaster for cuts. This solution is excellent to preserve fruit in a collection of natural history. Heretofore wax has been used for this purpose, but it is not so good as this, for this solution prevents the fruit from drying. This solution is the best and most delicate varnish for paintings and drawings on paper.

Fairfax (Va.) Farming.—The News, published at Fairfax Court House, Va., states that Peter Gooding, Esq., near that place, has raised 30 bushels of wheat to the acre this year. This is remarkable for a section which has gained the title of "Poor Fax," in consequence of its improvident system of farming, in times past. But the Yankees have got in among the old stock there, and their better example is being followed. There is to be an Agricultural Show in October, and the News thinks that Mr. G. will take the premium.

Jamaica.—The progress of affairs in Jamaica is illustrated by the fact, that in the new Assembly there are twelve members who are colored men, ten being mulattoes and two blacks.—They take a very active part in the proceedings, and one of them is quite an orator. This is the work of the Liberals; but the other party, forced by necessity, were also beginning to covet the colored influence, which is far too powerful to be resisted.

Taxes of Literary Men.—The following gentlemen pay the taxes assessed against their names, as appears from the tax list published at Cambridge:—Henry W. Longfellow, $160 78. James Russell Lowell, $83 16. This is pretty well for poets. Edward Everett, $114. Prof. Felton, $93 12. Prof. Norton, $884 52—the largest in the city. John G. Palfrey, $107.

Treasonable Correspondence.—The Canada papers announce that Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada, has in his possession documents tending to implicate several leading politicians in a charge of treason in regard to the annexation of the Canadas to the United States.

A New York Policeman at Paris.—A singular scene took place yesterday in the Rue St. Florentin, before the former Hotel of Talleyrand. Mr. Hormann, Sub-Chief of Police at New York, who is at Paris to arrest two celebrated counterfeiters from the United States, was passing through the street about one o'clock, when, taking a lithograph from his pocket-book, he cried, "it is he!" and at the same moment, with the help of an agent who accompanied him, he laid his hands on a good-looking foreigner who was passing, and said: "You are one of the New York counterfeiters, and I arrest you." The gentleman, greatly astonished at this apostrophe, said to Mr. Hormann, that it was a mistake—that he was Mr. John Norton, of London, a member of the peace Congress—had never been in America; that he was in Paris with his family, in a hotel of the Rue Neve St. Augustin. Mr. Hormann in reply, showed him the fatal portrait, and the resemblance which existed between Mr. John Norton and the counterfeiter was perfect. A crowd collected, and the Sub-Chief of the New York Police mounted in a carriage with his prisoner. When they reached the hotel, Mr. Hormann, was obliged to admit, with many apologies, that he had been deceived by a most striking resemblance.—*Paris Journal des Debats.*

Late Decision.—A patent medicine case is described as follows in the Cincinnati Times:

Judge McLean, a few days since, decided at Chambers, a case of considerable importance to dealers in what are termed "Patent Medicines." G. Coffeen, Jr., the proprietor of the Chinese Liniment, applied for an injunction to retain one James Brunton, an agent of John Loree, proprietor of "Loree's Ohio Liniment," from the sale of the "Ohio Liniment," on the ground that the vendors of the "Ohio Liniment" falsely claimed that it was similar to the "Chinese Liniment," and produced that impression upon the community by advertisements, handbills, and colorable imitations of the labels and directions of the "Chinese Liniment." The injunction was granted. The Judge held that the naming of his medicine by Loree, the "Ohio Liniment," made no difference, as "from the body of the label and the directions for the use of the medicine, it is clear that the language of the defendant is so assimilated to that of the plaintiff, as to appear to be the same medicine, the alterations being only colorable.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 130—adults 60, and children 93.

Clippings.

☞ Rather Ticklish.—We find in the Court Circular that the name of the Prince of Wales's private tutor is *Birch!*—*Punch.*

☞ A young man lately thought he had a "call" to act—failing on the "stage," he descended to the "omnibus" line—but finding his talents unsuited even to this grade, he is now employed in the *dray*-matic profession.

☞ A singular *lusus naturæ* has presented itself in a border county of North Carolina, in that of a child having a foot, a hand and one side of the face entirely black.—*Exchange.*

Nothing singular at all, sir, since the other side, hand, foot and all, are of the same hue.

☞ Lines on Lines.—A modern poet gives this axiom:—

> Curved is the line of Beauty,
> Straight is the line of Duty;
> Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
> The other ever follow thee.

☞ Quaker Sentiment.—This from me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine, come to see me and mine, that me and mine, will treat thee and thine, as kindly as thou and thine have treated me and mine.

☞ The ladies of Peterboro', N. H., have organized a lodge known as Monadnock Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Ladies.

☞ Engineers now speak of the *babbitting* of their engines, by which they mean the alloy of soft metals applied to the axles to reduce the friction, by the invention of Mr. Isaac Babbit. So we have a new word, which will travel as far and last as long as steam does.

☞ Mr. Donelson, our Minister at Frankfort, will in a short time, it is said, receive his letters of recall, not on account of any objection to him, but because it is deemed expedient that the mission to the Germanic Confederation should be suspended at least until European politics shall have assumed an aspect more favorable for permanence and stability.

☞ A late English paper says:—"It is a remarkable and significant fact, that all the later improvements in cotton weaving machinery have come from the United States."

☞ "I shall soon die, Cuffy—I must soon set out upon a long journey."

"*Berry well*," replied Cuffy, "I guess hab good going, bekase it's all the way down hill."

☞ They have a novel way in Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, according to a friend, of calling the men-folks to dinner. They suspend a Dutch cheese from an upper window, which takes possession of all the atmosphere to the windward; and thus when dinner is ready for the workmen, they *nose* it.

☞ More Forcible than Elegant.—Bishop Chase told his congregation a short time since, in one of his sermons, "that there was among his female auditors, coarset-boards sufficient to shingle a hog-pen."

☞ Frederika Bremer, it seems, did not arrive in the Cambria, according to previous announcement. When she does come, she is to be the guest of Mr. Downing, the distinguished horticulturist, who resides at Newburg, on the North River.

☞ The Heroic Kossuth.—A letter from Arad, addressed to one of the Vienna journals, states that, after giving up the dictatorship to Gorgey, Kossuth enrolled himself as a simple soldier in the artillery, and actually served during the few days which preceded the capitulation of Villagos.

☞ General Guyon, an Irish soldier, is the last leader of the Hungarian forces who holds out in the open field. His force is not large, but he is sworn not to surrender until free egress is granted to the foreign auxiliaries of the Hungarian cause.

☞ The Bank of France has agreed to grant a loan of Three Hundred Millions of Francs to the Government.

☞ Lola Montes has forfeited the bail which she had given for her appearance to stand trial on a charge of bigamy, and with her husband has gone to Naples, on her way to Egypt.

☞ The Florida war, though nipped in the bud, has cost, in the transportation of troops, stores, and purchase of horses for mounting troops, &c., three hundred thousand dollars.

☞ The Prince of Wales has been created Earl of Dublin.

☞ A Washington letter to the Baltimore Sun says:—"General Taylor professes to entertain none but kind feelings towards M. Poussin, and he is indignant at the newspaper calumny in regard to his alleged exclusion of Madame Poussin from the civilities of the White House."

☞ Gov. Bell, of Texas, writes to his brother-in-law, Ex-Governor Smith, of Virginia, that he (Bell) is a *Democrat*. We suppose this settles the question.

☞ At the great Booksellers' Trade Sale in New York city, just closed, the amount of sales stated as ranging from seven hundred and fifty thousand to a million of dollars, while those of last year amounted only to something like $250,000—a fair augury of the growing intelligence of our country.

☞ The Crowning in Hayti.—A gentleman, who was present at the crowning scene in Hayti, of "Faustin the First," states that the crown used was made of *pasteboard*, and that the "glittering jewels," spoken of in some letters, were all false, and were actually *borrowed* for the occasion from a merchant of Port au Prince.

☞ The Emperor of Russia has just removed all the Russian artists from Rome, after having caused their debts to be paid.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,000 head; about 400 were driven to New York. Beeves are selling from $6 to 7.25 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were about 300 sold, at from $5 to 5.50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 sold as follows: $25 to $35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

New York, Oct. 1.—Offered 1,800 Beef Cattle (1,000 Southern, the rest from this State and the East,) 70 Cows and Calves, and 6,780 Sheep and Lambs. The supplies of Beeves continue to come in heavily, and we note a slight depression in prices. The market today, owing to the storm, was very dull. Sales of good retailing qualities, at from 5½ to 7½ cents, which may be safely considered as the extremes of the market. It was probable that the number left over and undisposed of would reach 300. Cows and Calves are plentier. Sales at from $22.50a$30 to $35. Sheep and Lambs. The market is well stocked with both. Prices are hardly so firm. We quote Sheep at from $1.12½ a $2.75 to $4.50. Lambs at $7½ a $1 to $3.25. Left over, 700.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 29.

Quotations are about 6d lower on common grades of Flour, and the demand is very moderate. The sales are mostly for the city trade and the East, and reach 4,500 bbls at $4.87½a5 for common State and old Western, $5.06½a5.18 for straight, $5.25a5.31½ for new Western, and $5.37a5.44 for pure Genesee, closing heavy, with a downward tendency. In Southern there is but little doing, and quotations favor the buyer. The sales are 400 bbls at yesterday's quotations. Small sales of Rye Flour at $3a3.06. Jersey Meal is $3.12½, with moderate business; 250 bbls State sold at $3.06.

The market is heavy for Ashes and the sales are 40 bbls Pots at $7a7.06¼. Pearls are dull at $6.50.

Cotton has dropped off ⅛c, and is still very heavy. About 700 bales changed hands, mostly for manufacturing.

Some parcels of Linseed Oil have been sold at 60c, but $1.00 is generally asked.

Grain.—There is nothing doing in Wheat, and the market is heavy. Rye is better, with sales of 6,000 bushels at 59a60c. Oats are easier, and the range is 38a40 cts. In Corn, this morning, some considerable speculation was manifested, and quotations advanced 1 cent per bushel; towards 'change, however, and after, the market lost its buoyancy, and closed very heavy, the figures on the whole are better than yesterday. Sales reach 43,000 bushels, including mixed at 59a61c; flat yellow at 61a62c, and round at 62a63 cts, closing heavy and inactive at the inside figures. There were large lots offering at the close. Barley is lower, with sales of 3,000 bushels at 63c, for two and six rowed.

There is rather more offering in freights, but the rates are entirely nominal.

Provisions.—Pork is again rather easier. Sales of 1,000 bbls at $10.12½ for mess, $8.31¼ for prime, and $8.50 for prime mess, at which 400 bbls sold, showing a decline of 50c per bbl. Beef continues steady. About 100 bbls sold at $11.50a12.50 for mess. Sales of 30 hhds dry salted shoulders at 4c. The market is dull for Lard, and quotations are downward. Sales of 100 bbls at 6⅞c, the latter figure for strictly prime. Also, 100 kegs at 6¾. State Butter is 1 cent better. Cheese is rather easier, 1,000 prime Ohio sold at 6c.

ALMANAC.				
Oct. 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
6 Saturday,	6 17	5 43	5 49	
7 Sunday,	6 19	5 41	6 45	D. H. M.
8 Monday,	6 20	5 40	7 44	
9 Tuesday,	6 21	5 39	8 43	Full 2 12 43
10 Wedn'sday,	6 23	5 37	9 40	Last 8 7 55
11 Thursday,	6 24	5 36	10 36	New 16 12 26
12 Friday,	6 25	5 35	11 27	First 24 2 19
13 Saturday,	6 27	5 33	12 17	Full 31 12 9

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	23,	58	63	65
	24,	58	65	67
	25,	60	72	76
	26,	65	74	76
	27,	57	63	67
	28,	60	71	75
	29,	63	73	77

Marriages.

On the 27th ult. according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, Joshua Lippincott, Jr. of the Northern Liberties, to Elizabeth White, of Darby, Delaware county.

On the 27th ult. by Friends' ceremony, Thomas E. Lukens, to Mary D. Albertson.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. T. Stork, Henry C. Kellogg, to Miss Amanda E. Knipe, both of Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia, on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Stephens, Wm. Butler, Esq. to Letitia M. daughter of Dr. Isaac Thomas, all of West Chester, Pa.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, at the Hamiltonville Episcopal Church, Jason F. Kerr, to Miss Cornelia Frances, daughter of Edward F. Gay, Esq. all of West Philadelphia.

At Unionville, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Cornelius Earle, Mr. John Newbern, to Miss Mary B. Jaquett, all of Chester county, Pa.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Oscar Douglass, Mr. James Clampitt, of Lewistown, Del. to Miss Clara E. Isard, of Cape May.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Abraham Rhoads, to Miss Elizabeth A. Walker, all of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. Robert Stiles, of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah Gale, of Attleborough, Pa.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. George S. Seible, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Emeline, daughter of Jacob Collar, Esq. of Kensington.

In Boston, on the 19th ult. Mr. Wm. S. Lewis, of this city, to Miss Fanny E. daughter of Wm. F. Whitney, Esq. of Boston.

At Newark, Del. on the 25th ult. by James P. Wilson, D. D., James Dougherty, of this city, to Mary A. daughter of the late Andrew Bradley, of the former place.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Walter Proctor, Jas. Gallaway, to Miss Letitia Smith, all of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Oscar Douglass, Mr. George Bush, to Miss Ann E. McNulty, both of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, Henry James, to Sarah M. Thomas, all of this city.

On the 21st ult. by Friends' ceremony, John D. Watson, to Caroline M. Wilkins.

On the 13th ult. by Ald. Randall, Edward W. Maginnis, to Miss Ellen Flinn, both of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 29th of Sept. Mrs. Eliza Culin, in her 63d year.

On 7th day, the 25th ult. at Port Elizabeth, N. J. in the 94th year of her age, Mary Jones, relict of the late Jonathan Jones, of that place.

On the 26th ult. Mary Scanlan, wife of William A. Stokes, aged 35 years.

On the 27th ult. Paul D. son of P. Maison, aged 16 months.

At Savannah, Georgia, on the 22d ult. Mrs. Susan G. wife of Capt. P. Wiltberger.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Markland, aged about 76 years.

On the 26th ult. Capt. John J. Ramborough, aged 53.

On the 26th ult. Powel Morris, aged 40 years.

On the 26th ult. Wm. Williams, aged 52 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Sarah Gaskins, aged 92.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Jane Simpson.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Mary A. Carns, aged 38.

On the 25th ult. Mathew Minford, aged 30 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Alfred M. Clark, aged 43.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Mary A. Owens, aged 65.

On the 25th ult. Frederick Collins, aged 78 years.

On the 26th ult. in Abington Township, Montgomery county, Mrs. Nancy Brown, aged 82 years.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Andrew Korckhaus, aged 75.

On the 25th ult. at Williamsburg, Long Island, Deborah, wife of Geo. D. Coggeshall.

On the 25th ult. Major L. C. Orris, aged 53 years.

On the 26th ult. Emily Pauline, daughter of John and Catharine Davis, aged 11 months.

On the 25th ult. Adelia M. Hooper, aged 6 years.

On the 26th ult. Elizabeth Hankinson, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Vaughan, aged 16 months.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Catharine County, aged 78.

On the 23d ult. Margaret Kilpatrick, aged 18.

At Salem, N. J. on the 23d ult. Mr. Saml. B. Freas, aged 46 years.

On the 25th ult. Robert G. Fisher, aged 67 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Ann Fletcher, aged 84.

On the 25th ult. Mary Emma, daughter of David L. and Amanda Ketler, aged 1 year.

On the 25th ult. James Bruce, son of Philip and Margaret Powell, aged 11 months.

On the 25th ult. Miss Mary A. McKinney, aged 22.

On the 24th ult. John Mulica, aged 3 years and 11 months.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Henderson, aged 75 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Levi G. Taylor, aged 31 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Ann Slack, aged 28 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Martin Lipson, aged 40.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, October 6, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VERMONT.**	
Philadelphia banks	par	Bank of St Albans	2 dis
U S bank notes	12 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Girard do	par	**CONNECTICUT.**	
Tradesmen's bk	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
York	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Berks county	no sale	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Gettysburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis	**CANADA.**	
Lewistown	no sale	Montreal	4 dis
Brownsville	½ dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
Pittsburg	½ dis	Bk of Va & branches	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis	Far Bk & branches	½ dis
Washington	1 dis	Valley Bk & branch	½ dis
Erie	5 dis	Ex Bk & branches	½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	1½ dis	Wheeling	1 dis
Lebanon	par	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Lehigh county bk	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Towanda	no sale	Small notes	2 dis
Honesdale	½ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Harrisburg	½ dis	So West R R	1 dis
West Branch	½ dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Wyoming	par	Small notes	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	**GEORGIA.**	
Northampton	no sale	Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	Central bk of Mill	2 dis
Pottsville	par	Georgia R R Co	2 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	Ruckersville bkg co	—
NEW JERSEY.		All solvent banks	1½ dis
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par	Small notes	2 dis
Plainfield	closed	**ALABAMA.**	
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
		Country banks	4 dis
		MISSISSIPPI.	
		All banks	unc
		LOUISIANA.	
		All solvent bks	1½ dis
		FLORIDA.	
		So Life & Trust Co	—
		OHIO.	
N Hope, Del Bridge	—	Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Yard Del Br'ge co	10 dis	Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
DELAWARE.		All solvent bks	1½ dis
All solvent banks	par	Small notes	1½ dis
MARYLAND.		**KENTUCKY.**	
Baltimore banks	½ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Salisbury	uncertain	**INDIANA.**	
Frederick county	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Washington county	½ dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Hagerstown	½ dis	Bank of Illinois	80 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis	State bank	70 dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale	Bank of Cairo	—
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		**MISSOURI.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW YORK.		**TENNESSEE.**	
City banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	3 dis
Canal bk, Albany,	10 dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
James bank	1 dis	Bk of St Clair	no sale
Atlas bank	6a30 dis	Far's & Mech's	4 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
Northern Ex bk	½ dis	All banks	no sale
Country banks	½ dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
MAINE.		Mineral Point	—
All solvent banks	½ dis	Bank of Milwaukie	—
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**IOWA.**	
All solvent banks	½ dis	Miners Bank	—

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 20th to the 28th Sept.

Sept. 20, removed from			
Mrs. A. Steinberger	$2 00	S. Frost	2 00
J. Rush	9 12	Misses Johnson	4 00
J. H. Voorhees	20 00	A. G. Walters	1 50
J. Wilson	20 00	A. Flitcraft	7 00
Capt. J. T. Godfrey	5 00	J. E. Hagert	5 00
J. C. Brooks	1 00	Mrs. A. E. Parker	2 00
S. Craigin	2 00	Miss C. B. Lawson	2 00
J. W. Erwin	2 00	J. H. Durnell & Co.	10 00
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J. J. Wilson	10 00	R. Dudley	10 00
S. Wood	5 00	M. F. Hancock	2 00
J. Grasey	2 00	W. B. Ely	2 00
A. Metcalf	5 00	W. & H. Rowan	5 00
W. L. Jones	5 00	Mrs. S. E. Paxton	2 00
J. Wilson	5 00	Miss H. S. Hunter	2 00
Mrs. E. M. Field	2 00	T. W. Norton & Co.	10 00
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T. B. Peterson	8 00	F. Williams	4 00
W. B. Zeiber	4 00	Dr. E. B. Richmond	2 00
Hon. J. S. Marchbanks	1 00	R. Busby	2 00
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Mrs. A. E. Moore	2 00	Dr. G. H. Mullen	2 00
September 24.			
Rev. S. C. Pharr	1 25	J. W. Hall	5 00
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B. A. Thompson	4 00	S. J. Mersereaw	2 00
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September 25.			
J. Taylor	2 00	E. E. Miller	2 00
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R. Murray	10 00	C. T. Morris & Co.	10 00
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W. J. Weems	2 00	Miss A. E. Horne	2 00
T. Stangfellow	2 00		
September 26.			
S. P. Johnson	2 00	C. Baker	1 25
R. M. Burnett	16 00	W. Totten	2 00
S. T. Gove	2 00	G. H. Morton	5 00
H. B. Noyes	2 00	Miss H. R. Miller	1 00
H. B. Waterman	5 00	C. A. Foote	1 25
J. C. Magraw	21 00	P. B. Lord	2 00
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J. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. S. A. Robb	2 00
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R. McDowell	2 00	J. Ferrers	6 00
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TERMS—Cash in advance, Postage Paid.

1 copy, 1 year, and a premium, $3
2 copies, 1 " " to each, 5
3 " 1 " " " 6
5 " 1 " " " and an extra copy of the Lady's Book and premium to the person sending the Club, 10

Single No. 25 cts. 5 months subscription $1.

Address, L. A. GODEY, 113 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA.—ROWAND & WALTON invite attention to the following advertisement:

DR. CULLEN EVER VICTORIOUS!

As a proof of the continued success of DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA, we refer to a few of the many certificates in our possession, of cures performed by this great purifier.

Capt. T. L. Sanders, constable of South Mulberry Ward, cured of Barber's Itch.

Mr. J. P. Reese's child, No. 83 North Seventh street, cured of hereditary Tetter, which covered his entire body.

Mr. E. W. Maxwell, Grape court, Market street, above Eighth, cured of Scrofula, and fourteen open ulcers upon his body at the time he commenced taking the medicine.

Miss Christiana Sands, West Spruce street, between Beach and Willow streets, near the Schuylkill, cured of Scrofula; had suffered eight years; her head was so much affected that tea and coffee would pass out at her ear—this is a strong case.

Capt. John K. Barclay, No. 400 Market street, cured of Scrofulous Sore Leg, of 20 years' standing. This case is well known to many of our best physicians, who have frequently advised amputation.

Mr. Isaac Brooks, Jr., No. 5 Jefferson, West of Schuylkill Sixth street, below Locust. This was, undoubtedly, one of the most severe cases of Scrofula ever cured, and is certified to by many of our best physicians and clergymen, and also by himself.

Joseph Barbour, No. 1 Short court, East from Twelfth street, above Race, cured of Scrofulous Sore Throat, of eight years' standing.

Mr. J. H. Frick's child, No. 734 Dock street, Philadelphia.

Mr. Michael Duffy, 44 South Front street, (at P. Brady & Co.'s,) Philadelphia, cured of Tetter of 20 years.

Mr. Wm. Flemming, No. 210 Washington street, between Eighth and Ninth, Philadelphia, cured of Erysipelas of four years', which destroyed the flesh to the bone.

William Barker, cured of Scrofula. This case had been in the hospital many months, and discharged as incurable—he is now well, and may be seen daily at our office.

Mr. David Kirgan, Muddy creek, Hamilton county, Ohio, cured of Scrofula. This was a very severe case, and Kirgan says that could money prevent, he would not undergo the same affliction for ten thousand dollars, and yet he was cured for a few dollars, by Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Panacea.

Mr. John W. Hazleton, of Mullica Hill, New Jersey, cured of Tetter, of ten years' standing, with a few bottles of the Panacea.

Mr. John Brooken, of Germantown, at the age of 61 years, was cured of a violent Tetter that had troubled him for 18 years.

Mrs. Eve Sacoe, No. 53 South street, between Third and Fourth, from Schuylkill, cured of fever sores on her ankles, after suffering 12 years with them. Mrs. S. is 62 years of age.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Foster, Second street, four doors above Washington street, was cured of Tetter on her leg, which had troubled her 14 years.

Mr. Charles Otis, late of Parrish street, now of Manayunk, cured of Tetter of 5 years, in hands and feet.

Mr. Mellon Grubb, Juniper street, near Spruce, cured of Scrofulous Ulcers on the shoulders, which had defied the doctors more than a year.

Mr. Hiram Ridge, Attleboro', Bucks co., Pa., cured of Salt Rheum. This case had been pronounced incurable by some 12 or 14 physicians of the first standing—as a last resort had recourse to Cullen's Panacea, and was cured completely in a few months, after suffering 17 years—the disease had almost covered his entire person.

Henry Reeves, of Bridgeton, cured of the worst case of Scrofula ever seen in New Jersey, by 7½ bottles!

Thomas Wainwright, of Manayunk, cured of Scald Head; the disease extended over the whole scalp until it was an entire mass of corruption; and yet one bottle of the Panacea cured him.

We might add case after case, ad infinitum, but we think it unnecessary; presuming the afflicted will want more evidence than we can give in an advertisement, we again ask them to send to our office and get those certificates, from which you will learn the extraordinary sufferings of these persons as well as the mode of cure. ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors,

oc6-1y No. 21 North Sixth street, Philada.

TREES, ETC.—The subscriber has for sale at his Nurseries, near Burlington, New Jersey, a general assortment of Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental Trees, &c., which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms. Any person wishing particulars can have a catalogue containing names and prices by addressing the subscriber (postage paid).

mar10-tf GEORGE B. DEACON.

COAL! WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. W. M. GROVES, SCHUYLKILL FAMILY COAL-YARD, *BROAD STREET,* WEST SIDE, ABOVE RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, where are kept all kinds of free and hard burning WHITE AND RED ASH COAL, selected from the most approved mines, and kept dry under cover, at the lowest cash prices. june 23-tf

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

CONTAINING MORE LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER TWO DOLLAR PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA—AND FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF CITY WEEKLIES.

TERMS.

The Terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low Terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,		$ 5.00, PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$10.00, "
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$15.00, "
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$20.00, "

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. (When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of Terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid.*

N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

PURE FRESH COD LIVER OIL.—Prepared from the Liver of the Cod, *for medicinal uses*, expressly for our sales.

This valuable medicine, now used with such astonishing efficacy in the cure of Consumption, Scrofula, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, General Debility, Complaints of the Kidneys, etc., etc.

[Extract from the London Journal.]

C. J. B. Williams, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Medicine in University College, London, Consulting Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, &c., says:—I have prescribed the Oil in above four hundred cases of tuberculous disease of the Lungs, in different stages, which have been under my care during the last two years and a half. In the large number of cases, 206 out of 234, its use was followed by marked and unequivocal improvement, varying in degree in different cases, from a temporary retardation of the progress of the disease and a mitigation of distressing symptoms, up to a more or less complete restoration to apparent health.

The effect of the Cod Liver Oil in most of these cases was very remarkable. Even in a few days the cough was mitigated, the expectoration diminished in quantity and opacity, the night sweats ceased, the pulse became slower, and of better volume, and the appetite, flesh and strength were gradually improved.

The results above stated give to Cod Liver Oil, even as a tardative or palliative in phthisis, a rank far above any agent hitherto recommended, whether medicinal or regimenal.

In conclusion, I repeat, that the pure fresh Oil from the Liver of the Cod is more beneficial in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption than any agent, medicinal, dietetic or regimenal, that has yet been employed.

In order to have the Oil fresh and pure, we have made arrangements to procure the Oil from head quarters, by persons engaged for this special purpose, so that the public may depend upon all Oil being genuine bearing our written signature.

JOHN C. BAKER & Co., Wholesale Druggists and Chemists,
sep29-3m No. 100 North Third St., Philadelphia.

DANIELS & SMITH, THE CHEAP BOOKSELLERS.

WM. DANIELS & SAML. B. SMITH, have left the corner of Arch and Fifth streets, and having formed a new firm, have opened a "Cheap, New and Second-hand Book-store," at *No. 36 NORTH SIXTH STREET,* between Market and Arch streets, where their patrons and the public may always depend upon being supplied with books at lower prices than elsewhere.

They buy most of their stock at auction, and regulate their selling prices by the cost without regard to regular prices, so that their customers have the benefit of all their "bargains."

They also purchase parcels of *second-hand Books*, as well as new, which are brought to their store, and so many scarce works are thus obtained, their stock will possess more than the ordinary attraction of Bookstores generally.

Ladies and gentlemen having any second-hand Books in large or small parcels to dispose of, may depend upon receiving the full market value for them, as they have been actively engaged in the book business for eighteen years, and have become extensively acquainted with the worth of almost every valuable book.

Owing to the fact that the affairs of the late firm of Daniels & Smith, at the N. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets, which was dissolved on the 31st of July last, are now in course of settlement by Robert E. Peterson, one of the partners of that firm, by whom all letters in relation to the business are received, *the customers of our new firm will be careful that all orders to it are directed to its place of business, No. 36 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.* sep 22-6m

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE undersigned would inform Printers and Publishers, that he is prepared to manufacture Type of every description, from Agate to English, fifteen per cent. CHEAPER than any other foundry in the U. States, for cash. Also, Leads, Brass Rules, and a variety of Job Letter. The proprietor would call the attention of Printers to the fact, that he has the experience of twenty-five years practical workmanship in the different branches of the business. Added to which he oversees his workmen in person. He therefore flatters himself on being able to make a better article, and at cheaper rates, than any of his competitors. And as for beauty of face and durability, with his long experience in the mixing of metals, he feels satisfied that the Type cast at his foundry will wear at least one-third longer than that cast at any other foundry. The highest prices allowed for old Type in exchange for new.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. LEWIS PELOUZE,
sep15-6m Practical Type Founder,
N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut Sts., Philada.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS. ☜

SEARS' NEW PICTORIAL WORKS FOR 1850. GREAT CHANCE FOR BOOK AGENTS TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1,000 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED, in every Town and County throughout the Union, to sell "*Sear's New and Popular Pictorial Works*," universally acknowledged to be the best and cheapest ever published, as they certainly are the most saleable. They consist of:—"A New and Popular Pictorial Description of the United States," "Pictorial History of the American Revolution," "Scenes and Sketches of Continental Europe," "Description of Great Britain and Ireland," "Pictorial Family Annual," "Treasury of Knowledge," "Information for the People," "The Family Instructor," "Pictorial Sunday-Book," "Bible Biography," "Bible History," and Second Series of the "Wonders of the World," &c., &c., &c.

Any active agent may clear $500 or $1,000 a year. A cash capital of at least $35 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
aug25-tf 128 Nassau Street, New York.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$40 to 120
" " 18 carat cases from	30 to 120
Silver "	18 to 30
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.

Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.

Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do.

SILVER WARE.

This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.

Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.

Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.

Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c.

Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor and Pitchers, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER.

No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second
aug18-1y and Third, (south side,) Phila.

NOTICE.—The Partnership heretofore existing between WILLIAM DANIELS, SAMUEL B. SMITH and ROBERT E. PETERSON, Booksellers, Philadelphia, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. Robert E. Peterson having purchased the interests of the said William Daniels and Samuel B. Smith in the late firm, is hereby solely authorised and empowered to collect the debts of said firm.

WM. DANIELS,
SAML. B. SMITH,
July 31, 1849. ROBERT E. PETERSON.

THE CHEAP BOOKSTORE.

ROBERT E. PETERSON, *N. W. Corner of Fifth and Arch Sts., Philada.* keeps constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of useful Books in the city; and he buys most of his stock at auction. He sells a *great number* of Books at *Half Price*, and *all below the "Regular Prices."* His stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with Instruments,) &c., &c., &c., including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian Books, together with a large collection of rare and valuable books in *American History, Biography, &c. &c.* aug11-tf

Small Profits and Cash Sales is his motto.

☞ Second hand Books bought and exchanged.

☞ Books imported to order from London and Paris.

DR. SWAYNE'S CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES!

NO preparations have ever been introduced to the public, which have given such universal satisfaction, as the above. They are prescribed and used by physicians in their practice, and their advocates are found among all classes.

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

☞ We think *Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* stands at the very head of all remedial or medical agents for coughs, colds, consumption, nervous debility, tickling or rising in the throat, spitting of blood, and all breast complaints. His *Vermifuge*, which is very pleasant to the taste, destroys worms, cures all forms of dyspepsia, by taking a dose after each meal increases the appetite, improves the strength, and still it pays those who make use of it. His *Sugar-coated Sarsaparilla and Tar Pills* are the very best cathartic, act upon the bowels without the least pain, regulate all the functions of the liver, and give full strength to the organs of secretion, and the whole alimentary canal is greatly improved by their use. None are genuine without the signature of Dr. Swayne.

THE LIKE HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN. DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

READ THE EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

Dr. Swayne—Dear Sir:—Having contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, attended with a violent cough, pain in my side and breast, difficulty of breathing, I was attended by physicians of the first respectability, but my symptoms became very alarming; there was an abscess formed in my lungs, and which made its way through my side, and discharged large quantities of pus externally, so that my physicians thought the power or functions of one of my lungs were entirely destroyed—therefore, gave me up as entirely hopeless. This reduced state of things continued for a long time, until I was wasted and worn to a skeleton. I had tried a number of remedies, but all failed to do any good. But there still being a spark of hope left for me, seeing and hearing of the great virtues of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and its being so approved of by physicians of the first eminence, I concluded to make trial of it, and, to my great satisfaction, my cough gradually grew better, the hole in my side began to heal, and I am happy to say, from a mere ghost or living skeleton, I have become healthy, and weigh more than I ever have. All my neighbors can testify to the above fact.

ABRAHAM HUNSICKER.

Two miles from Skippackville, Skippack township, Pa.

Important Caution—Read! Read!

There is but one genuine preparation of *Wild Cherry* and that is Dr. Swayne's, the first ever offered to the public, which has been sold largely throughout the United States and some parts of Europe; and all preparations called by the name of Wild Cherry have been put out since this, under cover of some deceptive circumstances, in order to give currency to their sales. Each bottle of the genuine is enveloped with a beautiful steel engraving, with the likeness of Wm. Penn, thereon; also Dr. Swayne's signature, and as a further security, the portrait of Dr. Swayne will be added hereafter, so as to distinguish his preparations from all others.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by DR. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE Streets, Philadelphia, to whom all orders should be addressed. sep29-eow3m

THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME—JULY 1849.

G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, J. B. TAYLOR, EDITORS.

THE vast increase of our last volume has totally exhausted our supply of numbers, and we propose *to commence a volume of unrivalled splendor with the July number.*

Our distinguished artist, W. E. Tucker, Esq., has been sent by us to Europe, to secure, with the aid of American artists abroad, a succession of most Splendid Illustrations, and thus, with the aid of our home force, we shall present every novelty as it arises fresh to our readers.

COLORED PLATES, OF GREAT BEAUTY, will be furnished to our readers hereafter, in addition to the usual elegant steel and mezzotint engravings which we monthly present to them. We shall commence the first with a series of plates of Colored Wild and Cage Birds of rare beauty; designs for these are now in the hands of our artists.

Our July number will contain the commencement of a Powerful Novel, from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., entitled "Jasper St. Albyn; or the Power of Passion"—the very best story we have read for a year past. It will also contain an admirable mezzotint likeness of the late distinguished GEN. KEARNEY, being a continuation of our Portraits of American Heroes—a feature peculiar to this Magazine, which devotes its efforts to the glory and success of American Men, American Literature and American Art; thus making it a truly National Work in every respect. These are some of our arrangements for the future—the rest we reserve from the knowledge of our imitators.

TERMS.

For THREE DOLLARS, in advance, (par money in the States from which it is remitted,) *One Copy of Graham* and a copy of a *LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT PRINT,* from the burin of an English artist. [This Print is considered by all who have seen it, to be one of the most beautiful specimens of Art ever presented by any magazine publishers.]

And also a set of Mezzotint Portraits of TAYLOR, SCOTT, BUTLER, WORTH, KEARNEY, and CAPT. WALKER.

For FIVE DOLLARS, Two Copies for one year, and a copy of the large Print to each subscriber.

For TEN DOLLARS, Five Copies for one year, *and a copy of the Magazine to the Postmaster or other person forming the Club*, and a set of Portraits to each subscriber.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, Eleven Copies for one year, and a set of the Portraits to each subscriber, *and a copy of the Magazine to the Postmaster or person sending the Club*, with a copy of the large Print as an additional premium.

☞ *For the convenience of those desiring to form Clubs in connection with other Publications we will send*

One copy of the Magazine and One copy of the Saturday Evening Post for FOUR DOLLARS.

One of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for FIVE DOLLARS.

Three copies of the Magazine, and Four of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.

Four copies of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.

Six copies of the Magazine, and Nine of the Post for TWENTY DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to "Graham's Magazine," during the year between the 1st of December, 1848, and the 1st of December, 1849, (the Magazine to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agent through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

☞ Postage on all letters to be prepaid. Address,
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.,
98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

FASHIONABLE BLINDSTORE.—The undersigned having taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Cassedy, No. 7 Hart's Building, Sixth above Chesnut street, where he has on hand Blinds of original Patterns, Colors and Trimmings, and will manufacture to order warranted to be equal to any in the United States, would respectfully invite the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Manufactory and store 347 Race street, below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.

ROBERT W. KENSIL,
ap14-1y Practical Blind Maker.

CHARLES CAMBLOS' STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, No. 23 South Third Street, *Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.* BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c., &c., &c.

Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. ap7-1y.

PAPER HANGINGS.

No. 118 CHESNUT STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of ISAAC PUGH & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say, that as we have a large factory, and manufacture our own Papers, we can warrant them equal in any respect to any that can be produced in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

N. B. Orders from country merchants and others from any part of the country promptly attended to.

HART, MONTGOMERY & CO.,
ap7-1y No. 118 Chesnut Street.

Selected Poetry.

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ruthless Winter! brought to grace
Old Plymouth's rocky face;
Rendering her sterile soil the prize
Of men and stormest skies;
Strong was the trust with which ye hurled
The dangers of the sea,
And on the unseen power that saved
The pathway of the free!

When gentle o'er the smiling deep,
The fragile Mayflower drew,
While stars their solemn watch would keep
On yonder fields of blue—
Fall all your fears, as night and fair
As any flower of spring,
Were meekly bowed in trusting prayer
To Heaven's exalted King.

Cold was your greeting from the shore,
That seemed in demons air fair;
The wintry tempest's sullen roar
Sang ye a welcome there;
The Indian peered above the hill,
With wonder in his eye,
The noisy sea-birds answered shrill
The tempest-spirit's cry.

Oh! Pilgrim Mothers! fear the lyres,
Your patience to prolong;
Though fame embalmed your pilgrim sires,
And trumpets them in song;
Yet ye were to those hearts of oak
The source of their height;
Ye nursed the children that hurled the stroke
In labor or in fight.

The fire of freedom warmed each breast,
Through many a weary day,
Where pillowed soft in dreams ye rest
Our fathers farther lay!
Ye taught them when their souls prayers
Were breathed beside the home,
The lessons that in after years
Were heard to burn for fire.

Ye taught to spurn the tyrant's chain,
And bow to God alone!
Ye kindled in their bosoms the flame
That troubled in your own!
In after years freedom's people came,
And fields were conquered with steel—
Then hands the story hence here—
Appeared rendering fair!

Oh! Pilgrim Mothers! though ye lie
Forgotten in graves unknown,
A memory that cannot die
Hath chained ye for its own;
A sacrifice to that blessed shrine,
Your dust shall aye impart;
Thus ye shall rise—your country's name,
Your shrine—a nation's heart!

ORIOLE.

Leaves from History.

THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA, THE MOTHER OF NERO.

TRANSLATED FROM TACITUS, BY GEO. LONG.

Nero now began to shun all private interviews with his mother; wherever she withdrew to her gardens, or her villa at Tusculum, or to the neighborhood of Antium, he would commend her for seeking retirement. At last, feeling her extreme a heavy burden to him wherever she might be, he resolved to put her to death, the only method of deliverance with him being whether he should get rid of her by poison, by the dagger or by some other violent means. His first resolve was to take her off by poison. But, if poison should be given to her at the Emperor's table, it could not be imputed to accident, for Britannicus had already perished by the same means; to tamper with the attendants of Agrippina appeared hazardous, for her experience in crime had made her vigilant against treachery, and she had fortified herself against poisons by the habit of taking antidotes. If the dagger was employed, nobody could suppose how the murder should be concealed; and Nero feared that, whenever was selected to commit so great a crime, he might refuse to carry the Emperor's commands and disobeyed.

Anicetus, a freedman, offered the resources of his invention. He was the commander of the fleet at Misenum, had been engaged in the education of Nero, and he and Agrippina hated one another. He told Nero that a vessel might be so constructed, that part of it could be detached when the vessel was afloat, and Agrippina thrown into the water before she was aware of it; that nothing gave so many chances of accident as the sea; and if Agrippina should perish in the wreck, who could be so unreasonable as to impute to crime what was the fault of the wind and waves? that, when Agrippina was dead, the Emperor could build a temple and erect altars to her memory, and make other demonstrations of filial affection. The device was approved, and it was favored by the time, for Agrippina was in the habit of attending the festival of the Quinquatrus at Baiæ. To that place Nero lured his mother, offering blandishments of manner, and the most cordial reconciliation, considering the death of Acerronia and casting her eyes on her own wound, reflecting that the only protection against treachery was to affect not to see it—she sent her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that, by the blessing of the gods and her own good fortune, she had escaped a grievous accident; she entreated him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the Bay, assuming an appearance of being perfectly at ease, bound her wound, and used warm applications to her body; she ordered the tentement of Acerronia to be sought for, that goods to be seized; in this alone there was no consolation.

Nero, who was waiting for the news of the completion of his crime, received intelligence that Agrippina had escaped with no further injury than a slight blow; she had just been in danger enough to leave no doubt in her mind who had planned it.

Half-dead with terror, and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment, eager for revenge; that she would either arm the slaves or inflame the soldiers, or make her way to the Senate and people, and urge against him the wreck of the vessel, her wound, and the death of her friends; what protection had he against her, if Seneca and Burrus could not devise something? and he immediately sent for them. It is doubtful whether they knew already assigned with the designs. Both were silent for some time, either because they thought it useless to attempt to dissuade Nero, or they believed that things had come to that pass, that Nero must perish if Agrippina survived and plotted one of the two. Seneca is said to have laid the hand on his back to Burrus, and ask whether the soldiers should receive orders to kill Agrippina. Burrus replied that the Praetorian were devoted to all the family of the Cæsars; that they cherished the memory of Germanicus, and they would not venture on any extreme measures against his children; Anicetus, he said, should perform his promise. Without any hesitation Anicetus asked to be allowed to complete his crime. Upon hearing these words, Nero declared that from that day the empire was really conferred on him, and to a freedman he owed the gift; his bride him go quick, and take with him the resolute one to execute his commands. Nero, himself, hearing that Agerinus had come to him with a message from Agrippina, adopted a theatrical contrivance to make him look like a criminal; while Agerinus was delivering his message, he threw down a dagger at his feet. He then commanded him to be put in chains, as if he had been detected in an attempt at assassination, in order that he might invent a false story of his mother having plotted the destruction of the Emperor, and then, through shame at her crime being detected, having committed suicide.

In the meantime the danger of Agrippina was noised abroad, but only as an accident: and the people, as they heard of it, hurried to the shore. Some got upon the mole, others into the nearest boats; some waded into the sea as far as they could; and some stretched out their hands; the whole coast was filled with the cries, the prayers, the shouts of people making various questions, or giving uncertain answers. A great multitude crowded thither with lights; and, when it was generally known that Agrippina was safe, they were dispersed by the threats of a body of armed men.

Anicetus posted men about Agrippina's villa, and, bursting open the door, he seized the slaves, whom he met before he reached the door of the chamber. A few slaves were standing there; the rest had been frightened away by the soldiers breaking in. In the chamber there was a feeble light and a single female slave. Agrippina was growing more and more uneasy that no messenger came from her son; that even Agerinus did not return. The face of the slave was near changed; there were solitude and sudden terrors, and the indications of some extreme calamity. As her slave was going away, Agrippina cried out, "Do you, too, leave me?" and seeing Anicetus, accompanied by Herculeus, a captain of a trireme, and Obaritus, a centurion in the fleet, she said, "if he had come to see her, he must tell Nero that she was recovered; if he had come to commit a crime, she would not believe that her son was privy to it; he would not command the murder of his mother."

The assassins surrounded the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. As the centurion was drawing his sword to kill her, she presented her womb, and said,

"Strike here," and she was despatched with many wounds.

So far, all agree. As to Nero coming to see the body of his mother, and praising the beauty of her person, there are some authorities that have so stated, and there are some that deny it. She was burnt the same night, on a banqueting-couch, and with the meanest ceremonial; so, as long as Nero was in possession of power, was the earth piled up, or covered over.

By the care of her domestics, a slight tumulus was afterwards raised on the place, near the road to Misenum and the villa of the Dictator Cæsar, which stands on the highest spot of ground, and commands a prospect of the bay below. When the funeral pile was lighted, a freedman of Agrippina, named Mnester, stabbed himself; it is doubtful whether through affection to his mistress, or through fear of being put to death. Many years before, Agrippina had believed that they would be her end, and she had braved it. For, when she was consulting the Chaldeans about Nero, they told her that Nero would be Emperor, and would kill his mother, she replied, "Let him be my murderer, only let him reign."

Success is business.—If we were to consult the annals of commercial life, we should find that, in most instances, the men who have been distinguished for success in business are of the same stamp as those who have been eminent in the walks of literature and science. They have been characterized by self-denying habits, by simple tastes, and by unpretending manners; whilst the bold, the vain, the presumptuous, and the reckless, have done immense mischief to themselves and others in the departments of trade, dissevering the bonds of confidence and good feeling, and often scattering havoc and ruin around them. The same principles and motives of action prevail in the good, the wise, and the prudent, among all sorts of men. It is that wisdom which is unpretending and beneath not, and that quiet sort of prosperation and sagacity which is little exposed to selfflatteries and delusions, which are often more injurious and ruinous than all the worldly artifices and deceptions which are practised upon us.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

For the Ladies.

MOTHERS OF POETS.

AND WHAT WE OWE TO THEM.

A little volume has appeared showing the obligations of literature to the mothers of England.—Her greatest monarch opens the record. Asser relates that Alfred was tempted into learning to read by the splendor of a MS, which his mother promised him. There is a well known story of Chatterton's faculties being awakened by the illuminated capitals of some French music. But the early passion for books was never developed more strongly than in Tasso and Shenstone, though with such unequal results. Tasso, in his eighth year, began his studies with the rising sun, and was so impatient for the hour that his mother often sent him to school with a lantern. Shenstone's mother quieted him for the night by wrapping up a piece of wood in the shape of a book, and putting it under his pillow. Burns caught the music of old ballads from his mother singing at her wheel.

"A living poet has drawn the character of such a loving and Christian parent with eloquence and feeling not unbecoming the theme:—

"Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows,
How soon by his the glad discovery shows.
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
His mother, he adores! he lisps her name
Not to her alone, but to her mother, and his grants are heard
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When sleep comes on with sweet surprise;
Lodged in her arms, he sinks, he sinks he dies;
Then sense, most dear, forever on his tongue;
But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there.
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wondering eye—now many a written thought,
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His morning and his evening lay, endeavor to repeat

"No incident in the sad story of Bloomfield is so pleasing as his return to the home of his childhood, after a wearisome absence of twelve years. He took the Farmer's Boy in his hand, a present for his mother. He had not forgotten that eventful morning when she travelled with him to London, and left him with his elder brother, in one of the dismallest courts of that great city, with a charge, as he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.

"Bloomfield's mind had his mother's name engraved on a signet-ring, and Lord Bacon poured his heart into one short sentence in his will:—'For my burial, I desire that it may be in St. Michael's Church, near St. Albans; there was my mother buried.' At Dulwich, in a dark gorse tangled with fur, binding a book, we see the mother of Kirkens, who, losing his father in childhood, was reared by her watchful tenderness. Pope wrote no lines more affecting than the four inscribed on the column to his mother, in the garden at Twickenham:—'Again! Again! Again! Again.' By Cowper's verses on his mother's picture we might place the letter of Gray: 'It is long since I heard you were gone in haste to Yorkshire, on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother.' After his death, her clothes were found in the trunk as she had left them, her son wrote to beg her courage to open it and distribute the legacies. Two celebrated persons, not unknown to Gray, Warburton, and Hurd, have touched the same chord of feeling: and in modern times its music has been heard in the homes of genius. In one of Wordsworth's sonnets—Lamechizing—alluding to the days of boyhood:—

"How fortunate then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore with trifled or
Sweet flowers! at whose invisible command
Her countenance, phantom like, doth reappear
Oh, but too early for this frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heart-felt sigh

"And one more famous than Wordsworth has given the same testimony; it is of Walter Scott that the writer speaks. "On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, in placed that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his task. These were the old-fashioned horn that had perished his mother's toilette, when her, a thrifty child, kept in her dressing-room; the silver tipped stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five guineas; few of small pinbrooks inscribed with her hair, and containing the hair of them of her offspring who had died young; a lock of hair, yet more silver than the rest, rolling "The old familiar faces." I will write here, by way of echoing, the beautiful verse of that poet whom, of contemporaries, Scott most admired—Crabbe:—

"Arrived at home, how then he gazed around
On every place where she so moved was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill,
The favorite chair still out, her vacant still;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her sons;
Each place of hers was now a sacred place!

"Nor has literature any monopoly in this affection of the heart. The dock and the battle did yell the same story. The circumstance in Sir John Moore's history that falls upon the ear with the strongest pathos, is the message he followed out to his mother, while falling from his horse at Corunna."

Wit and Humor.

LEAVE TO WITHDRAW.

It will be seen by reference to the legislative proceedings, that in many instances petitioners for legislation upon some subjects have had leave to withdraw, being a polite way of rejecting their petitions.

We heard the other day a story on this point.—Just before the last June session a man (call him Smith) well known for his independence of character, who resides in one of our most flourishing towns, finding that his garden was daily injured by the dogs, who found that his onion bed was a good place in which to conceal bones, &c., determined to put an end to the troubles, and accordingly applied to a gentleman who is a member of the present House, to draw up a petition for a tax on dogs. The petition was accordingly drawn and "numerously signed" by his fellow citizens, who deeply commiserated with him in his troubles and afflictions.

In due course of time, the petition was presented to the Legislature, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, and in regular order it appeared in the papers that the matter had been disposed of.

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Smith.—(Taking his pipe from his mouth.)—The old mare is out at pasture, my wagon is broke, and I'll see every one of the rotten Representatives in Halifax before I'll go over to withdraw that petition.

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Selected Articles.

THE REAL HISTORY OF JEANIE DEANS.

It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Dunnyre, in the neighborhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the heroine of the Antiquary, and of the other Jeanie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Her history, however humble, was in some respects eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly; though few readers require to be informed now how it has been expanded, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called "incomers" into the parish of Dunnyre, and were in no way connected with the Walkers of Cloudon, a race alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished, time out of mind, upon the fertile and pleasant banks of the Cairn. Her father appears to have been a laboring man, and at his death, his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker.

I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more eminent law for child-murder, which was passed in 1736. At this time, her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, who was also alive, Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, fell a victim to his entreaties, and became enceinte, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbors, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn or Cloudon. The circumstances was soon bruited abroad, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Gothrie, of Irongray, the suspected person was carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called the "third's hale," in the old jail of Dumfries, a grated room on the ground-floor, whither her sedcer sometimes repaired and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that "a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards;" but trying as was the ordeal, harassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her enduring and virtuous resolution. Sleep for nights fled from her pillow; most fervently she prayed for help and succor in the time of need; yet then she wept till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body; but still no argument, however subtle, no entreaties, however agonizing, could induce her to offend her Maker by swerving from the truth.

Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly as well as powerfully set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the city of London, a journey which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is in our day. Over her bed attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Through her feet were "nearly blistered, and her clothes were torn, yet her spirits nathy jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyle. As she arrived at the door, his grace was just about to step into his carriage, and as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness and natural eloquence that more than realized the well known saying of "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art." How again the result is well known; a pardon was immediately despatched to Scotland, and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought, that she had done her duty without violating her conscience. Curiously enough, another chapter in her history, she was always remarkably shy and reserved. But there is one person still alive who has heard her say, that it was through the "Almighty's strength" that she was enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment, a moment which, if lost, some days might have been recalled in time to save her sister's life.

Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man who had wronged her, and with him, as a farmer, lived in the same place for a greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December, 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. She was interred in Irongray churchyard, a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn.

REFORMATION OF WILLIAM WIRT.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became very much embarrassed in his business. He was well known for his independence of character, who resides in one of our most flourishing towns, finding that his garden was daily injured by the dogs, who found that his onion bed was a good place in which to conceal bones, &c., determined to put an end to the troubles, and accordingly applied to a gentleman who is a member of the present House, to draw up a petition for a tax on dogs. The petition was accordingly drawn and "numerously signed" by his fellow citizens, who deeply commiserated with him in his troubles and afflictions.

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FASHION PLATES.

BY MRS. SWISHKLM.

There is nothing about which our Magazines contend so much for superiority, as their Fashion Plates. Godey claims precedence because his are engraved on steel, and his neighbor's merely wood cuts. His steel plates, he says, cost more than ten times as much as the others, and are, of course, much finer pictures. Sartain says it requires as long to make a steel engraving, that the Fashions are some months old before Godey can get them out—that both he and Godey copy from French plates, and wood cuts are ready some months before his neighbor's steel plates; besides, being cheaper, he can give more of them.

Now, we would respectfully suggest, would be a great improvement on both plans, for Mr. Godey to make us a fine and costly that he could not possibly get more than one prepared in five years; and for Sartain and Graham to have their door on cuff, and issue a fresh one every morning; so that ladies would not think of dressing for breakfast until the fashions for the day were sent up to their rooms. Thus people would be taught to transact them, and by us have our Fashions, like our buckwheat cakes, piping hot.

Any plan that would make them too rare to be reached, or too common, to be cared for, would be a blessing to mankind. As we now have them, they are a great national calamity, which more to be dreaded than cholera or a cloth war.

We do not refer so much to the frivolity and extravagance they evince and foster, which often results in the wreck of fortune and virtue, as to the physical destruction which they occasion. This evil is more general—its influence extends further. It steps out with the present generation, but is one of the sins visited upon the unborn.

The Fashion compass might give us any kind of a bundle of designs that pleased their fancy, and the effect would be comparatively harmless, if they left any room to suppose there might be a woman inside. Or if they would give us the shape of a garment hung on a clothes horse, and leave the head off, it would be well enough, for it would simply be a fashion for clothes; but it is not the form of clothing which they pretend to regulate, but the shape of the people. If people were made of tallow and spermaceti—and if they threw into a bottle, melted and remoulded like broken candles, these Fashion makers could scarcely take more liberties with their formations.

In the front of a Magazine you will likely find a portrait of a woman as *God* made her; that is, given simply as a fancy sketch; over a few leaves you will find the reality of life—woman as *Fashion* has made her; and very much she resembles the earth in the beginning, "without form and void," giving one the idea the artist has taken since days of yore, and before his production can be called "finished."

Now, if these Fashion monsters are any body's ideal of womanhood, why not make the naked pictures and statuary—the fancy sketches in the same shape? Or why not draw the Fashion Plates to resemble women? Why not give us Fashions that look as if they could be worn by a healthy woman, with a perfectly developed form?

The idea of dressing the "Greek Slave" has been very much ridiculed by the lovers of art.—But the Greek Slave might be converted into a public benefactor by being covered and exhibited all over the country—by having all the new Fashions put on her first—made to sit her, and then sitting or standing, and giving her portrait for our Fashion Plates. Modista could not squeeze her marble sides into the shape of a funnel or a jug; and if our Fashion Plates were taken from her, women would not imagine this the only genteel shape.

We are not jesting—not exaggerating—the form of most of our Fashion Plates is entirely remoulded or nothing so much as a funnel or a jug. Artists say there is not a straight line in a human form; but in a face view of one of these figures, the lines from under the arms down to the waist—and that is the entire distance from the armpit to the hip—is as straight as a rule could make it—an inclined plane, a bevel, giving the idea of the side of a funnel. There is no curve, such as nature makes, such as health and grace require. How artists—who ought to have an eye for the beautiful—can be hired to commit these outrages on the Graces, is more than we can tell. The amount of disease and death that have been caused by imitating that straight line, by pressing in the sides below the ribs, to form the funnel outline, is far past the cholera statistics.

We know no remedy for the evil so likely to be effectual, as dressing the Venus de Medicis or Greek Slave, exhibiting them, and making them set for all the Fashion Plates. As these statues have been shown they have been powerless to correct the public taste for malformed women. It is not generally important that folks should know what they ought to look like when they wear their clothes. That is not the way we live. Our appearance is inseparably connected with our clothing; and to correct the present diseased public taste, properly formed women should be properly dressed, and made prominent objects in our Fashion Plates, instead of being ignored. Compel modists to make Fashions to fit people, not people to fit Fashions.

In this reform, Fashion Plates should lead, as they have already led thousands to the grave of the suicide.—*Saturday Visitor.*

Very Well Done.—A poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor.

"Not a-one," the surly reply; "I never make a practice of doing such things."

The poor fellow turned to a gentleman, who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him; he took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it, replaced the glass with evident satisfaction; he turned to the man who had lent him the six-pence, and said:

"Here, sir, is the six-pence, I owe you; I make it a point never to borrow money *before I pay my grog bill!*"

Humorous Poem.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH GOLD HUNTER.

(*The following parody derives some interest from the fact that it appeared in a late number of the "Alta California," published in San Francisco.*)

Tune—"*I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.*"

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Away up in the mines,
A looking out for lumps of gold,
And pockets all I finds.
But the lumps I finds is generous small,
And very few at that,
And I toil that I have been, Mary,
A most almighty flat.

There's lots of change up here, Mary,
Tho' you'll find none in me;
For I spent the whole thing that I was worth
In coming o'er the sea;
And though they say you've only got
To take your pick and pick
A pocket-full of gold, you'll find
It isn't quite so thick.

I blows you for that letter, Mary
You put into my trunk,
For when I got it 'twern my tooth
I felt that I was bunk
I blows you for the sausages
That lasted me so long—
Tho' I'm thankful they are gone, Mary,
For they smell a little strong.

I'm very dirty now, Mary,
For water's hard to get,
Unless it rains, and then you've seen
Of getting pretty wet;
For there are no sewers down here,
And the rain comes through the roof—
And then you'll have a cold or cough,
Unless you're waterproof.

I blows you for the bottled beer
That you put in my hood
To take, to keep my spirits up,
Though I find it very dead!
I blows you for the friendly cheese
You put into my locker,
But I was filled chock full with maggots,
And one's a period whopper!

I'm holding you to keep quite well,
Until the time arrives
That I return again to you,
If I should be alive.
For though there's hard and work for all,
I would much rather, dear,
Die in old Ireland once a week
Than live here all the year.

A Small Loss.—A valuable invention has been made in Belgium. It is destined to effect a great reform in the manufacture of linen cloths as the steam loom has made us that of woollens. It is nothing less than a steam loom for linen fabrics. All the ingenuity and perseverance of manufacturers have been tested to invent a machine of this kind; but the fabrics have been uniformly so poor that the machines have been thrown away and manual labor again resorted to. The difficulty has been removed by the scientific skill of a Belgian engineer. A model of his machine, with specimens of the fabrics, has been exposed at the fair at Ghent. The cloths are said to rival in firmness, firmness and smoothness the best of those made by hand.

Science and Art.

USE OF COLORED GLASS TO ASSIST THE VIEW IN FOGS.

The following curious observation is made by M. Luvini, of Turin, in a letter to the editor of *L'Institut*, at Paris. It verified, it may prove to be of importance to geodetical operations, as well as in other cases:—

"When there is a fog between two corresponding stations, so that the one station can with difficulty be seen from the other, if the observer passes a colored glass between his eye and the eye-piece of his telescope, the effect of the fog is very sensibly diminished, so that frequently the station which the other station can be very plainly perceived, when, without the colored glass, the station itself could not be seen. The different colors do not all produce this effect in the same degree. The red seems the most proper for the experiment. Those who have good sight prefer the dark red, those who are short-sighted like light red better. The explanation of this effect seem to depend upon the fact that the white color of the fog strikes too powerfully upon the organ of sight, especially if the glass have a somewhat large field. On the contrary, by placing a colored glass between the eye of the observer and the eye-glass of the instrument, the intensity of the light is much diminished by the interception of a part of the rays; the observer's eye is less wearied, suffers less, and consequently distinguishes better the outlines of the object observed."

A Steam Loom.—A valuable invention has been made in Belgium. It is destined to effect a great reform in the manufacture of linen cloths as the steam loom has made us that of woollens. It is nothing less than a steam loom for linen fabrics. All the ingenuity and perseverance of manufacturers have been tested to invent a machine of this kind; but the fabrics have been uniformly so poor that the machines have been thrown away and manual labor again resorted to. The difficulty has been removed by the scientific skill of a Belgian engineer. A model of his machine, with specimens of the fabrics, has been exposed at the fair at Ghent. The cloths are said to rival in firmness, firmness and smoothness the best of those made by hand.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

We often hear with incredulous smile, naturally enough, express great astonishment at these vast structures, but much more embarrassment in understanding how they could have been constructed. In that age of the world, when the facilities of moving gigantic structures were not as they are now. They are mostly of the opinion that some agricultural contrivance was employed, of which we have no knowledge, and which is that, that will with the zone that need it. We remember that we listened to a lecture, a few years since, on Egyptian antiquities, in which the